Special Easter Issue

Son-o'-God Comics #2

Great Moments in Chess

NATIONAL LAMPOON

IND 34490

DEC. 1972 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75 CENTS




Think of everything you've ever wanted in a
stereo receiver.

Pioneer has mo

SX-727 AM-FM STEREO RECEIVER — 195 WATTS IHF



SX-828 AM-FM STEREO RECEIVER — 270 WATTS IHF

re of everything.

Four new and completely different AM-FM stereo receivers with increased performance, greater power, unsurpassed precision and total versatility.

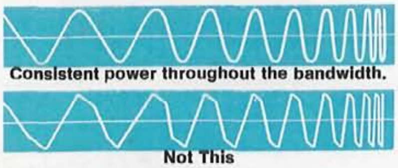
SX-525 AM-FM STEREO RECEIVER — 72 WATTS IHF



SX-626 AM-FM STEREO RECEIVER — 110 WATTS IHF

Long before the current wave of consumerism, Pioneer had established its reputation for superior quality craftsmanship. This reputation has been continuously augmented by our commitment to building high fidelity components with a measurable extra margin of value. Our four new receivers — SX-828, SX-727, SX-626, SX-525 — are designed to meet a wide range of requirements and budgets. Yet each unit incorporates a significant array of features and refinements built into the top new model — the SX-828. Regardless which new Pioneer receiver you finally select, you are assured it represents the finest at its price.

Conceptual diagram



More meaningful power.

When it comes to power, each model provides the most watts for your money. This is meaningful power. Power that is consistent throughout the 20-20,000 Hz bandwidth (not just when measured at 1,000 Hz.) Especially noticeable at the low end of the spectrum with improved bass response, the overall effect is greater frequency response and low, low distortion.

Model	IHF Music Power 4 ohms	RMS @ 8 ohms Both channels driven @ 1KHz
SX-828	270 watts	60+60 watts
SX-727	195 watts	40+40 watts
SX-626	110 watts	27+27 watts
SX-525	72 watts	17+17 watts

Direct-coupled amplifier circuitry and twin power supplies improve responses.

Of course, having power to spare is important; but directing it for maximum performance is even more vital. In the SX-828 and SX-727, you will find direct-coupled circuitry in the power amplifier combined with two separate power supplies to maintain consistent high power output with positive stability. This means transient, damping and frequency responses are enhanced, while distortion is minimized. In fact, it's less than 0.5% across the 20-20,000 Hz. bandwidth.

You can't expect great music without great specifications.

Pioneer's reputation for high performance capability is thoroughly reinforced in these four receivers. Listening to them substantiates it; the specifications tell the reasons why. Since Field Effect Transistors increase sensitivity, they're incorporated into the FM tuner section of each unit. For example, the SX-828 uses 4 FET's. You get greater selectivity and capture ratio with Integrated Circuits and Ceramic Filters in the IF stage. Here's a mini spec list.

	SX-828	SX-727	SX-626	SX-525
FM Sensitivity (IHF) (the lower the better)	1.7uV	1.8uV	2.0uV	2.2uV
Selectivity (the higher the better)	+75dB	+70dB	+70dB	+45dB
Capture Ratio (the lower the better)	1.5dB	2.0dB	2.5dB	3.0dB
Power Bandwidth	All exceed by a wide margin the usable sound frequency spectrum			



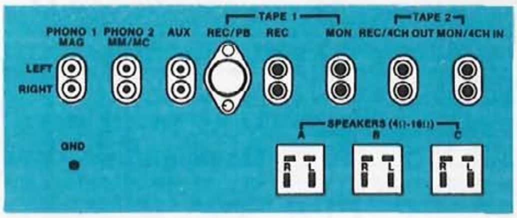
Exclusive protector circuit for speakers.

Another example of Pioneer's advanced engineering is the automatic electronic trigger relay system designed into the SX-828 and SX-727. Since the signal is transmitted directly to the speakers because of the direct-coupled amplifier, this fail-safe circuit protects your speakers against damage and DC leakage, which can cause distortion. It also guards against short circuits in the power transistors. It's absolutely foolproof.

Inputs and outputs for every purpose including 4-channel sound.

Depending on your listening interests and desire to experiment in sound, each receiver provides terminals for a wide range of program sources.

Inputs:	SX-828	SX-727	SX-626	SX-525
Tape monitor	2	2	2	2
Phono	2	2	2	Phono/Mic.
Auxiliary	1	1	1	1
Microphone	2	1	1	Phono/Mic. (as above)



Outputs:	SX-828	SX-727	SX-626	SX-525
Speakers	3	3	3	2
Headsets	2	1	1	1
Tape Rec.	2	2	2	2

Someday, if you want 4-channel sound, all models have 2 inputs and 2 outputs to accommodate a unit such as Pioneer's QL-600A Decoder Amplifier. With it, and two additional speakers, perfect 4-channel sound is simply achieved.

Versatile features increase your listening enjoyment.

Our engineers have outdone themselves with a host of easy-to-use features. All four units include: loudness contour, FM muting, mode lights, click stop bass/treble tone controls with oversize knurled knobs, and an ultra wide linear FM dial scale that takes the squint out of tuning. Except for the SX-525, they all employ high and low filters. Enlarged signal strength meters make tuning easier than ever. Center tuning meters are included as well in the SX-828 and SX-727. Further sophistication is offered on the top two models with a 20dB audio muting switch — the perfect answer to controlling background music. As the senior member of the family, the SX-828 is endowed with speaker indicator lights (A,B,C,A+B,A+C) and a tuning dial dimmer for creating a more intimate lighting atmosphere.

Some day other stereo receivers will strive for this total combination of power, performance, features, precision and versatility. Why wait? Pioneer has more of everything *now.*

See and hear these magnificent receivers at your local Pioneer dealer. SX-828—$429.95; SX-727—$349.95; SX-626—$279.95; SX-525—$239.95 Prices include walnut cabinets.

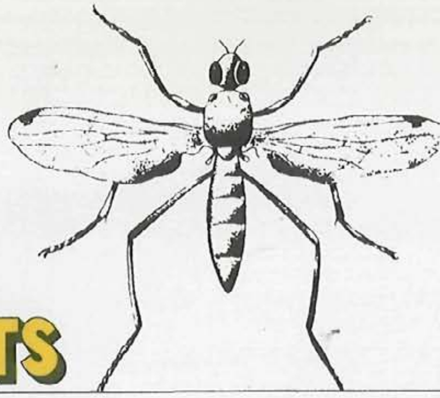
U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 178 Commerce Road, Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072

Ultra wide linear FM dial scale takes the squint out of tuning.



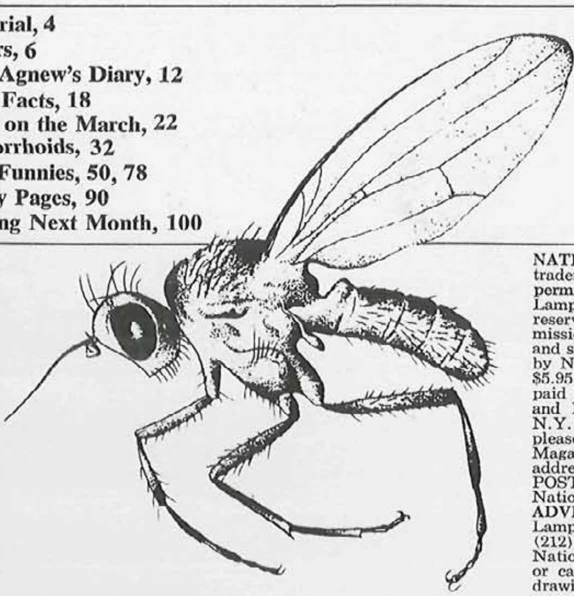
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December, 1972 Vol. 1, No. 33



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Eight cheap gifts for eight cheap relatives.



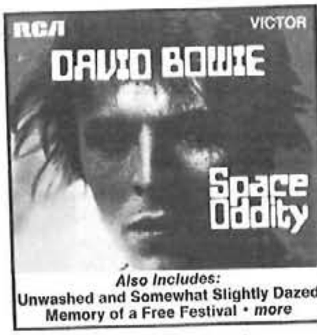
For Cousin Charlie whose unsightly blemishes might disappear if he came out of the bathroom to listen.



For Uncle Henry who acts like Aunt Hazel.



For Dad who's never been higher than the sand trap that overlooks the 17th hole.



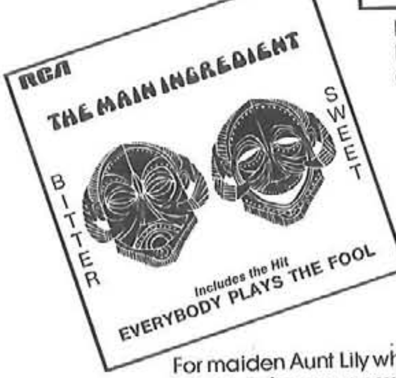
For Aunt Shirley who dresses like Uncle Henry.



For Niece Sally who wants ever so much to experiment in race relations.



For Mom who knows first-hand how it feels to be asked to leave a saloon.

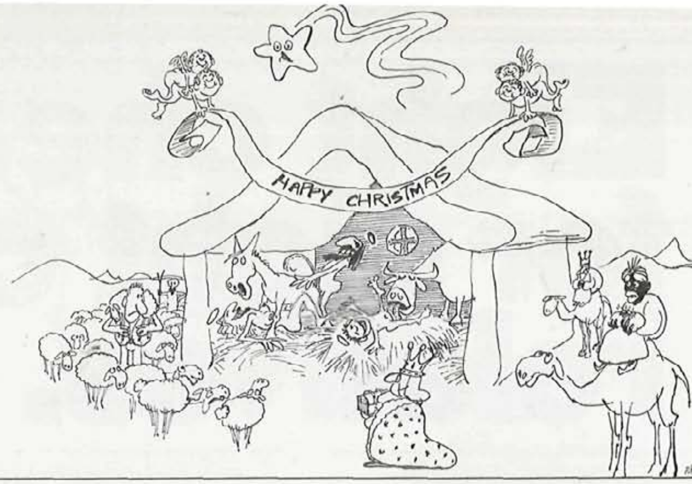


For maiden Aunt Lily who might prefer group sex to a husband.



For Grandpa who takes his religion with reverence and awe but takes Grandma with whips and chains.

RCA
RECORDS AND TAPES



EDITORIAL PAGE

We take seasonal pleasure in reprinting the following correspondence:

"Dear Editor:

I am older than I care to think about. Some of my little elves say that there is no Virginia.

You-know-who says, 'If you see it in the *Lampoon*, it is so.'

Please tell me the truth. Is there a Virginia?

Santa Claus"

Santa, your little elves are wrong. They are victim to and carriers of the self-inflicted doubt and mistrust that have plagued our age. They expect that all that exists be subject to tangible proof. They cannot conceive of those things that their tiny charts don't show, their teeny hearts don't feel, and their itsy minds know nothing of. Elves' minds, nay, all minds are small, Santa, when compared to the vastness and possibilities of our universe. Who among us, wise or foolish, does not dream of serenity in the valleys of summer?

Yes, Santa Claus, there is a Virginia. It exists as certainly as Maryland, North Carolina, and Tennessee exist, and you know that they exist because it takes you four months to clean their ticks from your reindeer. Alas, how tiresome the world would be if there were no Virginia! It would be as tiresome if there were no Indian corn or titanium concentrates. There would be no model childlike legislatures, no Byrd dynasty, no rural traffic jams, no romantic James River floods to make vibrant this existence. The beacon of trial and error that so lights our lives would be lost to us.

Not believe in Virginia! You might as well not believe in hay. Were it possible, you might hire trained observers to stand along the borders of West Virginia, the District of Columbia, and Kentucky and have them try and catch a glimpse of Virginia; but if they did not see Virginia, what would that prove? Nobody *sees* Virginia, but that is no proof that there is no Virginia. Some of the most real things on this earth go unseen by professionally trained observers. Did you ever see a telephone message-unit? Of course not, but that's no proof that they do not exist. All of the wonderment of this earth too often goes unseen.

There *is* a Virginia that exists as well as fallow fields, farm subsidies, short gray leafless trees, expansive military housing, Indian corn, and titanium concentrates exist. Virginia is the past with its Greek-revival homes, and Virginia is the future with its new Greek-revival home developments.

No Virginia! Thank God it lives. And it will go on living, Santa. Three years, nay, six times three years from now and it will continue to make glad the spirits who inhabit her counties, which number exactly one hundred. Just keep south on 95.

Cover: This month's cover is by Rick Meyerowitz and is entitled "The Old Switcheroo Lives, But Can We Make a T-Shirt Out of It?" One might make the observation that if that bunny rabbit is really crammed into the cover as it appears, why then is the logo dropping down instead of being forced up as physics would dictate? Our Design Director Michael Gross explains: "Yeah, well, maybe so, but bunny rabbits don't have lumps on the tops of their heads. If they had lumps on the tops, we could force the logo up; but they don't, so it's got to go down." □

The National Lampoon, Inc. is a subsidiary of Twenty First Century Communications, Inc.
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"The Best Record Album of 1972" (And It Costs $2 Only!)



Twenty-five songs, by 25 of the world's top pop stars, in this all new album. **Two** albums, actually, since **BURBANK** is a full two-record set.

BURBANK got named after the California city that's the home of Warner Bros. Records and Reprise Records. These two record labels got together with many of today's top record stars to put out this at-cost album (it would retail for $9.96 if it were a regular, profit-making album) at only $2.

Normally, record artists (much less record companies) don't sell their best material at cost.

So why the non-profit **BURBANK?**

Simply so these artists can get samplings—full, intact, all stereo servings – of **their finest recordings** before a wider public than radio reaches. And to get them to you at the lowest possible cost (not too much expensive advertising, and sold only via mail).

Here's what's in BURBANK:

- A never-before-in-an-album song by the late **Jimi Hendrix:** over four minutes of "The Stars That Play with Laughing Sam's Dice."
- A special never-on-record song by **Arlo Guthrie**, written and performed by him for public service, called "The Voter Registration Rag."
- An infectious hit by **John Baldry** – produced by **Rod Stewart** – called "You Can't Judge a Book by Its Cover."
- The very best new songs from such top English rock stars as **T. Rex, Curved Air, Deep Purple, John Renbourn** (of Pentangle) and **Foghat** (ex-Savoy Brown).
- The solo debut of **Bob Weir,** long-time (and still) guitarist with **The Grateful Dead.**
- The debut on Reprise of America's finest guitarist, the incomparable **John Fahey,** in an *astounding* four-minutes-plus new composition.
- The return to records of the celebrated **Van Dyke Parks,** with his startling "G. Man Hoover."
- Much more by such new recording artists as **John Cale** (of Velvet Underground), **Fanny, The Meters** (top R & B instrumental group), **Kaylan and Volman** (once among The Turtles) . . .
- And a lot, lot more on these two LPs.

The only way to get your copy of **BURBANK** is to mail $2 to Warner Bros. Records, along with the coupon below (or with a note about what the $2 is for). Then (it seems) as slowly as possible, the U.S. Post Office Department will get **BURBANK** back to you.

The anticipation is worth it, believe us.

To: "BURBANK"
Warner Bros. Records
3701 Warner Blvd.
Burbank, Calif. 91505

G

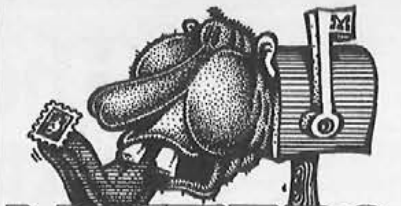
I'd like a copy of BURBANK, for which you have my $2.

Name

Street

City Zip State

This offer is, unfortunately, valid only in the U.S. and Canada, for which we're sorry but Customs clearance is too much hassle.



LETTERS

Who says fish don't feel pain like we do? Last Saturday I was having a tuna-roll and fries at the frank stand, and when I bit into the sandwich, it screamed bloody murder! (Actually, that part was a bit of a fib. My littlest had his finger in the roll to try sneaking out the pimientos, so the joke was on him anyway.)

But they sure can swim.

Florence Nesbitt
Montreal, Canada

Sirs:

Sexual revolution, hah! We monkeys have been doing everything to everybody long before anybody even heard of Pat Nixon's daily "happy hours" in the White House men's room. If you don't believe me, just drop by the Bronx Zoo sometime and take a squint at the floor of our cages.

Abba dabba.

Pat Baboon
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Won't you please help us keep Ralph Ginsburg in jail? For the first time in this country, and hopefully not for the last, we've been able to lock up somebody for bad taste. If Ginsburg gets paroled, it'll set us back scores upon scores of civilized years. But Ginsburg is just the beginning—just think of all the others we can be tossing into the slammer. Art Linkletter, to name just one.

We truly believe it's the brightest ray of hope this country has. Please sign our petition.

The Committee To Keep Ralph
Ginsburg Behind Bars Where
He Belongs for the Rest of
His Tasteless Life

Dear Sirs:

What do you all want for Christmas? No, let me guess. All of the boys want new flashlights, and Anne Beatts wants silk stockings, eye makeup, chocolate candy, movie magazines, and a proposal of marriage—or other. I sure hope your readers send these gifts to you.

A Reader
Spotsville, Belgium

P.S. Oh, I almost forgot. I bet Doug

continued

It's all starting again.

Side 1

Down In The Flood	Velvet	So Long Dixie
Touch Me	I Can't Move No Mountains	Snow Queen
Alone	Side 2 Over The Hill	Maiden Voyage



With the most powerful BS&T band ever.



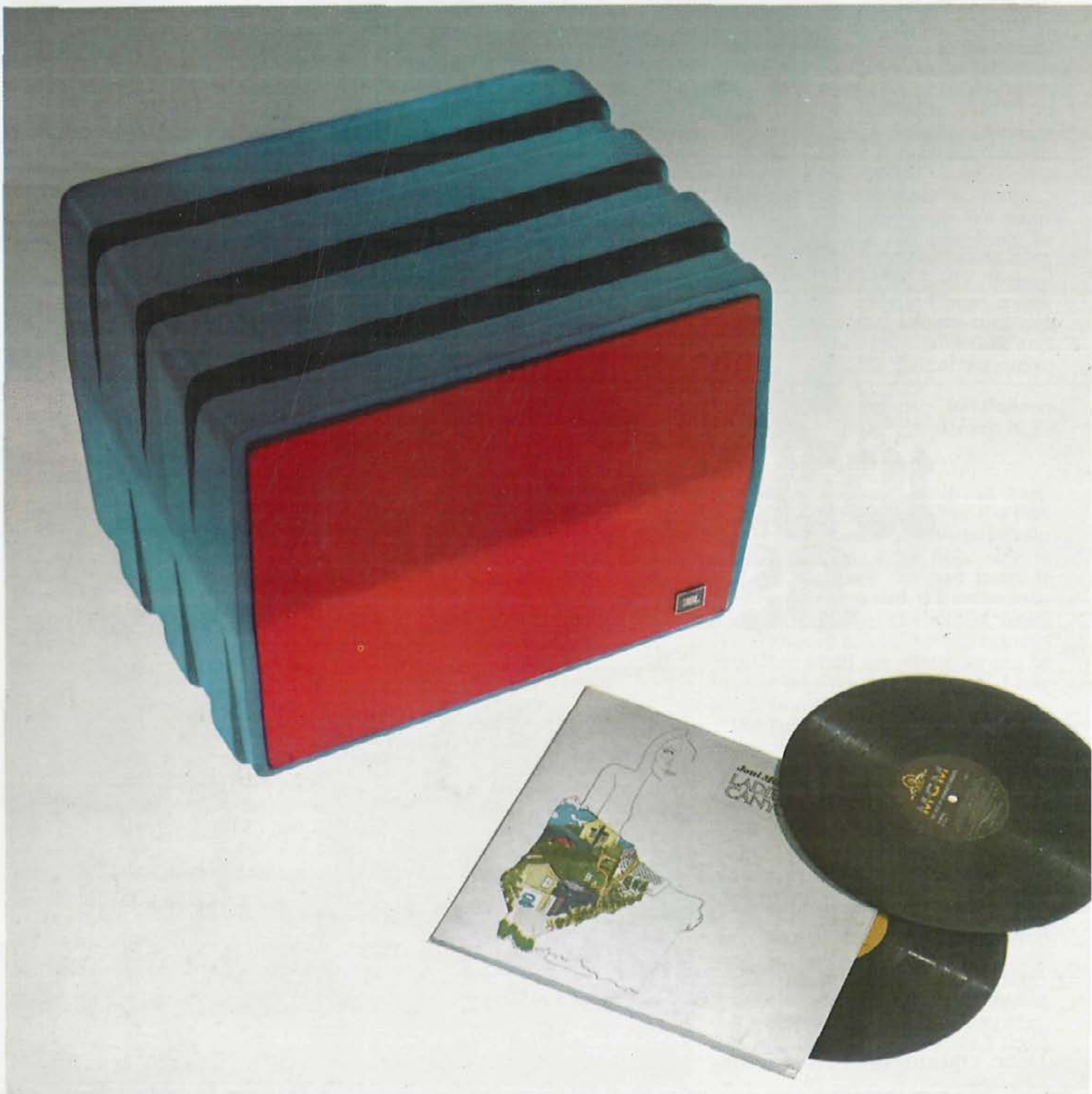
Blood, Sweat & Tears is back. With the most powerful B,S&T band ever. Over a year of hard work went into their great new album, "New Blood." There are bluesy, new tunes like "So Long Dixie," crashing hot horn arrangements as in Dylan's "Down in the Flood," and cut after cut of exceptional music.

And Mike Jahn has already said: "The material is solid and exciting; overall Blood, Sweat & Tears seems younger, (and) more enthusiastic than it has in years in their harder-than-ever rock."

So, as you can see, it's started. Again. On Columbia Records and Tapes

® "COLUMBIA," MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

PRIM



James B. Lansing Sound, Inc., 3249 Casitas Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90039

IA25

JBL's Prima 25 was heard long before it was seen.

It was born as a sound, a pure musical sound. And, it could capture a surprise: (Imagine the brightest, hardest, loudest drumstroke you've ever heard. Did you know that the loudspeaker cone has to move as fast as the drumhead to give you that sound? Prima 25 could do that. It could give you back each part, every part of that whole sound.)

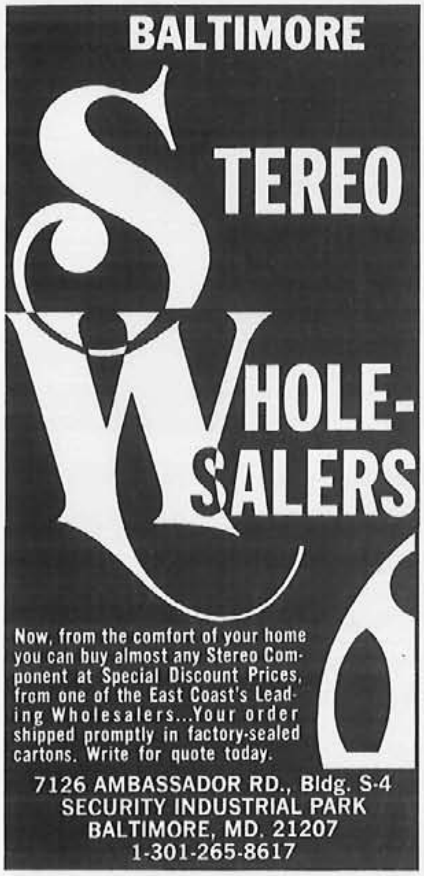


15" by 19" by 15" by $126.



Then, one day the sound took form. The form took color, and the color took off! Six colors the last time we counted. Listen to Prima 25. Some of us think it's the best two-way system we've ever made.

JBL





continued

wants dope instead of batteries in *his* flashlight.

Dear Sirs:

It's me, David Steinberg, again, but don't think for a minute this time you're going to trick me into calling myself an asshole, because I don't happen to be an asshole. Now or ever.

David Steinberg
New York City

Dear Sirs:

I'd like to get you on a slow boat to China all to myself alone.

Merrill Lynch Pierce
Fenner & Bean

Dear Sirs:

Get ready to have a knife fight in your "Letters" column, because I have one that's just about to begin. It goes: "And he pulled out his knife, and the blade gleamed in the sun. Then the other guy pulled out *his* knife and likewise with the sun. They both jockeyed for position and began jabbing at each other. Then as the music and suspense was building, the one guy (I forget which one) stabs the other guy in the duey-oblongata and then turns the knife on himself and commits suicide. This has all been translated from the original Spanish, but it hasn't lost any of its horror.

George Louis Borges
c/o the Libray, S.A.

Dear Sirs:

Please stop sending me September Boredom issues. I did *not* win any "Win Your Weight In Boredom Issues" contest. I never even *heard* of it until the truck pulled up with the damn things. It's just too bad for you if you weren't able to sell them. Stop unloading them on an unsuspecting public like me and poor Craig down the street, who won his *house*'s weight in Boredom issues.

Lyle Stomun
Rayhway, Calif.

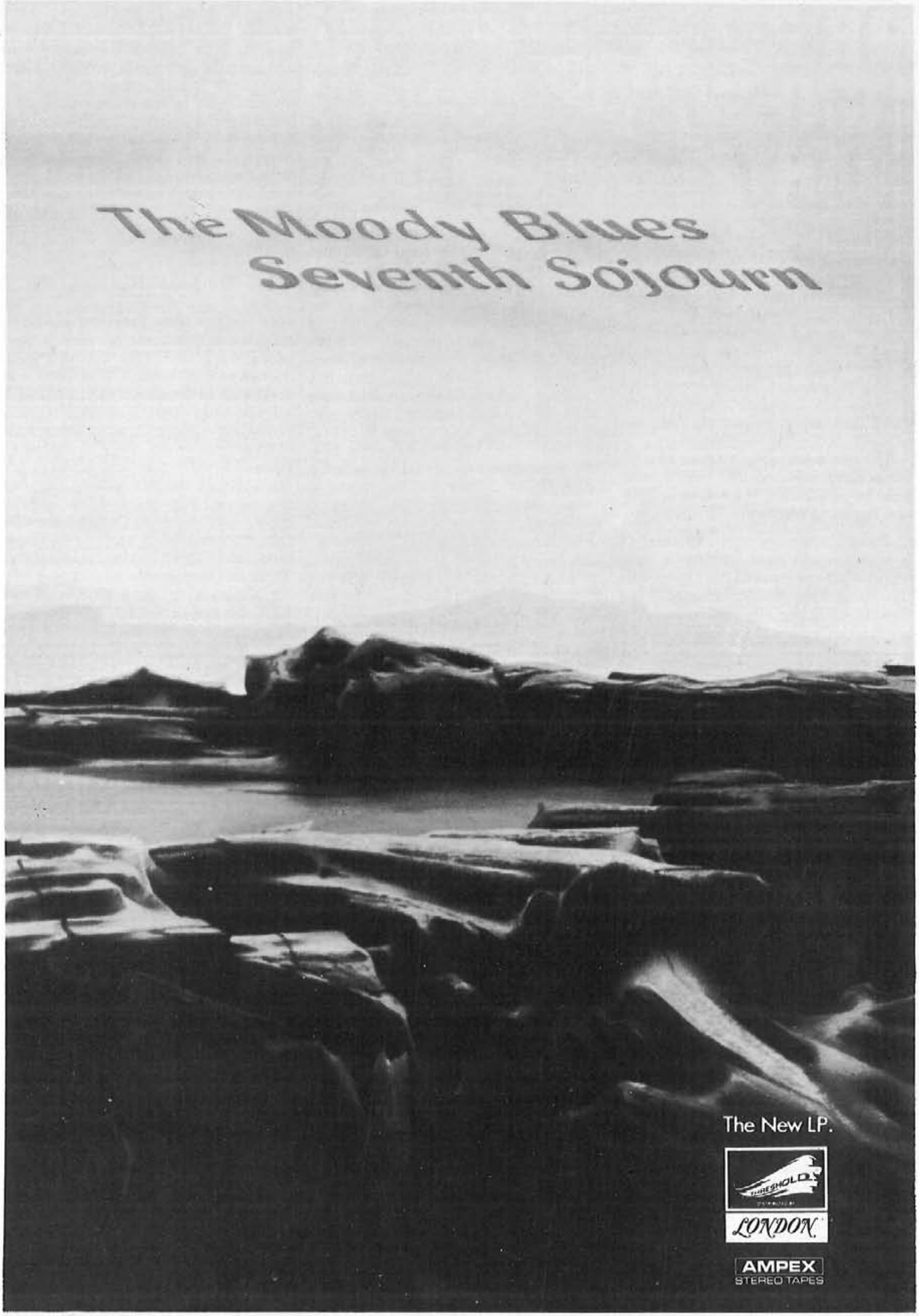
Sirs:

In your November issue, you ran a letter by one Tom McCormack of Bethesda, Maryland, who sang the praises of the Kleber V 10, a fabric-belted radial. I feel compelled to point out that most tire experts rate the steel-belted radial *over* the fabric-belted radial. As for the "best," I personally would choose the Uniroyal 180 with the Pirelli CN 36 (not to be confused with the fabric-belted Pirelli CF 67), a close second. I mean, if fabric was so strong, why don't they make tanks and battleships out of it? Huh? Or why isn't Superman called "The Man of Fabric"?

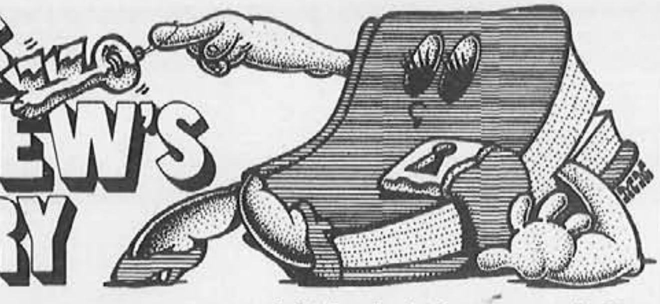
I might add that this is the first letter I have ever written to a magazine, but, in all good conscience, I could not let Mr. McCormack's irresponsible statements go unchallenged.

Clifford Sitts
Rego Park, L.I.




The Moody Blues
Seventh Sojourn
The New LP.
THRESHOLD
LONDON
AMPEX
STEREO TAPES

MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

Hotel Cuidad Trujillo, Ninth Street and Herring Gull Avenue, in Miami, Florida, where Spiggy and I stayed in the Vice-Presidential Suite during the convention. Our window was two down and six in from the left, beside the neon sign that says "Rooms".

Here's the puppy feeling very sleepy after she got into Kim's secret hope-chest and, as Kim put it, "ate the works!"

The sun's first airy tongues of winsome light burn off the mist's mild kiss, on Baltimore, from Bromo-Seltzer Tower to the bay.

Those are photograph captions. (I guess once you have writing in your blood it's there for auld lang syne, like the thing that Spiggy caught from that sailor in the bus-station powder-room when he was little that he thinks might be what's the matter with Randy.) I'm particularly fond of the last one, even though I don't have a photograph for it yet, because everything has been topsy-turtle here since we found out that it's Spiggy's turn to be elected President next. (That's what Mr. Ling, who gives me some literary "clitoricism" when he's not too busy putting Spiggy's secret files back into alphabetical order—no small job since Spiggy gets G's, D's, and O's mixed up with Q's, C's, U's, and the number 4—calls "dlopping a bomb chair" . . . just the way Pat did when she sat down on Spiggy's whoopee cushion at last week's Apartheid luncheon.) Diary, you have no idea how things have changed. Spiggy's a New Man, and everybody seems to want to see him now, so it's just been one social curly after the next, and I don't know what I would have done if Mr. Ling's cousin, Mrs. Chaing Ching, and some friends of hers in little uniforms, who she said are usually ice-cream vendors (and that *does* make me awful worried about Crime in the Streets because I can never remember ice-cream vendors ever carrying guns when I was a little girl), hadn't volunteered to help with the cooking . . . which has been a load off my neck especially since Mrs. Ching and her friends brought all kinds of fancy electrical kitchen-appliances with wires and dials and stuff, and all I have is a Bean's Smoke-'n-Pit Campsite Barbecue and a broken Veg-a-Matic. Though I'm not sure Spiggy likes meatloaf moo goo gai pien or hundred-year-old chicken potpie very well. Not that our little dinner parties haven't gone over and done with in the cutest way, what with all the important *padrones* (that's Eyetalian—Spiggy's been using a lot of Eyetalian words lately, like *torpedo*, *go-to-the-mattresses*, and *garrote*), being witty as the day is long all over the place. General LeMay usually comes and so does General Lavelle and Robert Welch and Carlo Gambino and Lester Maddox and Carmine Tramunti and Madame Nu and Mr. Kai-shek—who Lester says is almost white for a dink, though Mr. Kai-shek is actually more the color of that

continued

Before you spend good money on a stereo system, you'd better find a good record to test it with.

We know how good these Fisher compacts are, but *you* shouldn't part with your hard-earned cash to buy one without first listening very carefully.

The question is, what are you going to use for listening? A typical, mass-produced, scratchy record? It wouldn't do our equipment justice.

That's why we created *The Fisher Fidelity Standard*. A compatible stereo/4-channel record made with fanatical care, so that any distortion you hear has got to come from the equipment, not from the grooves. We don't know of any commercially available record that can equal it for testing or showing off a system.

Only Fisher dealers have it. (If you want your own copy to take home, see coupon.) Of course, it makes *everything* in the store sound cleaner because at least one source of distortion has been eliminated.

But, for the same reason, it also makes the best buys clearer.

(The Fisher compacts shown here are the 40-watt Fisher 28 on the left and the 100-watt Fisher 30 on the right, priced at $299.95 and $349.95 respectively, complete with the recommended Fisher speakers and dust cover.)



FISHER
We invented high fidelity.

$7 value!* Only $1!

The Fisher Fidelity Standard is a 12-inch long-playing album, produced exclusively for Fisher and recorded with up-to-the-minute engineering techniques to be the ultimate demonstration record. Five classical selections on one side; seven rock and jazz selections on the other; no incomplete excerpts. Yours for only $1—along with a free copy of **The Fisher Handbook**, a 28-page reference guide to high fidelity. (*Other compatible stereo/4-channel records sell for up to $7!) To get your copy, fill out this coupon and present it to any participating Fisher dealer. (This offer is limited to the available supply of records.)

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State__________ Zip__________

N-12

For the name of your nearest participating Fisher dealer, call (800) 243-6000 toll free. In Conn., call 1-(800) 882-6500.

In Canada, for name of your nearest dealer write:

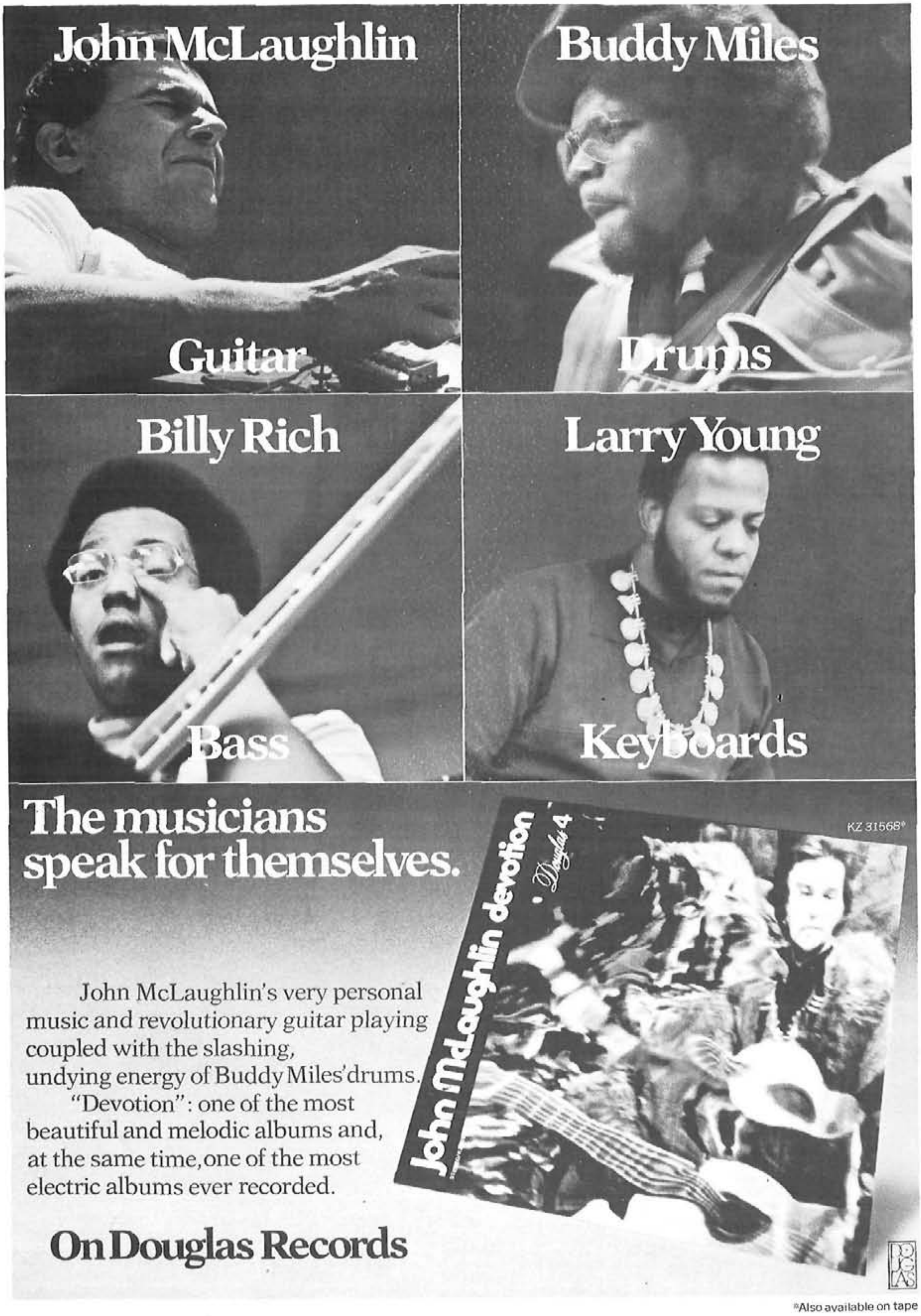
continued

piece of liver I accidentally left on top of the Kelvinator while we were in Florida—and Mayor Rizzo and Pat Boone and the Reverend Ian Paisly and that funny sheriff from Mississippi who dresses up in the bed sheets and tells knock-knock jokes about liberal Republicans, or what he calls "pink elephants." Here's one: "Knock knock / Who's there? / Eisenhower / Eisenhower who?/ I'se in Howar' Johnson's eatin' lunch!"

But that's not what I really meant to tell you about, Diary, even though being next has been so good for Spiggy. He has more self-coincidence now, and the last time Hank Kissinger and him were playing in the rec room and Hank made one of his cracks about Spiggy being all-Greek center on the fraternity football team at beautician school, Spiggy chased him out of the apartment with the lotto board and called him a "shiney" and a "heap" and said if he'd known Hank was coming, he would have "baked a kite." And everyone is so salacious. Mr. Ling is here practically every day and just installed a modern new air-freshener—like the one Mrs. Ching is using on the transom above the kitchen door—behind Spiggy's desk up in the bookshelf in a hollowed-out copy of *From Our Hearts Fall Lead Tears* by Kathleen Norris, and when he was finished he said, "Ail-fleshenel is also in-fall-lead," and laughed and laughed and laughed. I can't think why. But having an air-freshener is certainly a good idea if Mr. Kai-shek is going to be around, not to mention what lo mein baked beans bok choy does to Spiggy. And Jacob Javits and Paul McCloskey are always calling up on the telephone now to ask if Randy likes being a male model and how Kim is doing at Odyssey House. But what I really meant to tell you was . . . well, frankly, this is a little rocochet and I blush like a beet to repeat it, but, Diary, I just *can't* keep it to myself. But Martha *did* enjoy telling it so much, even though I think maybe she'd unwound a little too much for 7:30 A.M., because she had to spit up twice while we were on the phone, but, anyway, you know she's up in New York now and she got a job with the Xavieras from Holland (I had no idea the Mitchells were Catholic), and she said that last week Pat came up to do a good turn for the Xavieras (Martha said their mission is to "minister to the needs of man"), and after work they went to Martha's new apartment in that Times Square hotel and mixed up a big batch of purple passions, and Martha decided to use the rest of the stuff—the stuff that Martha says makes you feel like Carmine Miranda in *To Have and Have Not*—that the CIA gave her when they had her on vacation in that motel room in Richmond because the Mitchells' water got shut off, or at least Martha said there was something wrong with the tap. Well, Pat had no more drunk one big jelly-glassful than she turned around and said to Martha, "Didn't you ever wonder why Dick and I didn't have Tricia until we'd been married for six years?" Martha said nothing could have been farther from her mind, and, anyway, they couldn't have been married that long. But Pat said oh, yes they had, you just couldn't tell because of the monkey glands—at least monkeys was what they always called them where she came from. And then started to tell Martha that when I was just a law partner his two frie started to rib him because he still his sherry (I never *have* known I to drink much wine) and was so ir perienced and didn't know the fa of life and all (Of course he was v young. Pat said he couldn't have b more than thirty-five at the time.), one thing led to another, and pre soon they convinced him to come w them to a . . . oh, Diary! This is embarrassing. I shudder to write out loud about the President of United States, even when he was one then. I'll have to say it in Latin: *o-tay ome-cay ith-way em-th o-tay a ouse-hay f-oay ll-iay e-ray-u pay*! Well, Martha said that Pat s that Dick said (one time years la when he'd taken the stuff that Wit er Chambers had given him with pumpkin, which was the same st the CIA gave Martha and Mart gave Pat) that when they got the there was only one prosecute left a that the prosecute told Dick it was h time of month—which Dick took mean that it was her turn, that s was at bat, like that, or something and did he want her to go drown him? By then he was feeling pret scared about the whole thing, and, tell the truth, he would just as so she *did* go drown. But she took him to her room anyway and did wh Spiggy likes to call "going to the de tist," which surprised the golly he out of Dick, who told his friends th he never would have guessed *that* in million years. Well, not long afte ward was when he met Pat at a ta dance, and Martha said Pat admi herself she was pure as the drive floor-show at the time, and it wasn long before one thing led to anoth and they got married and were ve happy and made for each other ar everything, except they wanted son family to go into Congress with, an years came and years went by, an they didn't get any. At last they wer to their doctor when he had offic hours—during the season when th sheep aren't foaling—and they bot had all sorts of tests and examinatior that they got very good marks or Finally, the doctor took Pat aside an asked her if she and Dick had bee having . . . well . . . having sexual ir tercourse. "Of course we have!" sai Pat, ". . . except that . . . uh . . . to tel you the honest truth, doctor, *I neve have been able to bring myself t swallow the stuff*!"

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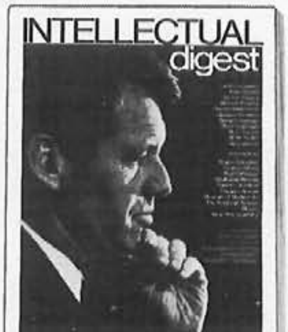
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• The California Commission on Judicial Qualifications has called for the removal of Los Angeles Municipal Court Judge Leland W. Geiler on the grounds that, among other things, he allegedly prodded a public defender with a dildo.

The commission charged that Judge Geiler invited the public defender into his office and thrust "into the area of the defender's buttocks . . . a battery-operated object resembling a penis and sometimes referred to as a 'dildo'."

In the courtroom later the same day, the judge reportedly grew weary of the public defender's lengthy cross-examination and twice ordered his clerk "to get the machine out."

"The battery?" the defender is said to have asked. And on each occasion, when the judge replied in the affirmative, the defender said, "I have no further questions, Your Honor," and concluded his argument.

The commission also charged that on another occasion Judge Geiler had grabbed a Los Angeles traffic-court commissioner "by the testicles, causing the commissioner so much pain that he almost passed out," and that from time to time he asked his clerk, a married woman, "Did you get any last night?" *San Francisco Chronicle* (J. Schiller)

• Winfield S. Waters, an eighty-five-year-old man sent to jail five years ago to serve a sentence of life imprisonment for the attempted rape of a school teacher, has been ordered freed by Federal Judge Alexander Harvey III, after learning that the Maryland state courts had refused to reconsider the sentence.

Federal authorities said the octogenarian could not have attempted the rape because of his age, his near blindness, and the crippled condition of his legs. *Philadelphia Bulletin* (N. Benson)

• Ling Chao, forty, of Taipei, Taiwan, has been sentenced to death for masterminding the armed robbery of 100,000 eels.

The eels, valued at more than $20,000, were stolen at gunpoint from an eel farm in central Taiwan. *Stars and Stripes* (B. McGill)

• The largest tapioca pudding in the world was created in the hold of the freighter M.S. *Cardiff* in mid-September.

The steamer, which was bound from Thailand to Cardiff, Wales, with a cargo of timber and raw tapioca-powder, reported a fire in one of the holds containing the lumber shortly before it docked. The crew had managed to keep the smoldering wood well dampened with the ship's emergency fire-system, and the situation seemed to be under control until the harbor fire-department began soaking the blaze with thousands of gallons of water from dockside pumps.

Within hours, the water had seeped into the lower holds, where the tapioca was stored, liquifying it and causing it to swell. At that point, the heat from the burning timber began to cook the sticky tapioca, which rapidly turned into a huge pudding, threaten-

continued on page 21

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continued from page 18

ing to buckle the ship's steel plates.

"It's got to burst somewhere," one of the fire chiefs said.

At last report, the harbor authorities planned to load the gluey mess into a fleet of trucks and dump it somewhere. One official estimated that there would be enough tapioca to fill five hundred trucks.

Thus far, no site for disposing of the several million gallons of pudding has been found. *Eastern Michigan University Echo* (R. Ankli)

• Judge Jacques Trahan, chairman of the Quebec Liquor Control Board, has ordered four Montreal nightclubs to suspend amateur contests that police said were performed by mentally handcapped persons.

The inquiry that led to the order was the result of complaints received by the police, charging that the nightclubs were using mentally retarded persons to perform dancing, juggling, singing, and tumbling acts and were paid fees below the minimum scale set by the performers' union. *Toronto Globe and Mail*

• In an unusually blunt speech, Pope Paul VI attacked the increasing spread of sexual permissiveness and warned that a lack of chastity might lead to drug addiction.

"Behind the initiation to sensual pleasure, there loom narcotics," said the Pontiff. He did not specify the exact process by which sexual activity leads to drug use.

Pope Paul is seventy-five years old. *New York Times*

• In an effort to recruit new members and improve its image, the Ohio Ku Klux Klan is becoming more public-relations conscious.

"We don't burn crosses," says Ohio Grand Dragon Dale Reusch. "We illuminate them." *Bergen Record* (R. Borenstein)

• President Lon Nol of Cambodia has warned his fellow citizens of a Communist plot to kill them with rabbits.

In an address to the nation, he called for the arrest of anyone caught offering to buy live rabbits at high prices. According to the President, Communist agents have been paying $125 to $175 for rabbits, but it was not clear whether that price was for each rabbit or for some commonly used commercial measurement, like a brace or a dozen.

"They have insinuated that their doctors need rabbit blood to inject into wounded men," Nol said, warning that the Communists' real motive was to use the animals as bombs by attaching plastic explosives to them and then releasing them near Cambodian army positions at night.

"The lights attract the rabbits, and then they explode," explained Lon Nol. *New York Times*

• Late in September, luck ran out for a fifteen-year-old boy in a logging camp in Waldport, Oregon. He died as a result of being struck by lightning while carrying a box containing thirty-five sticks of dynamite. *New York Times*

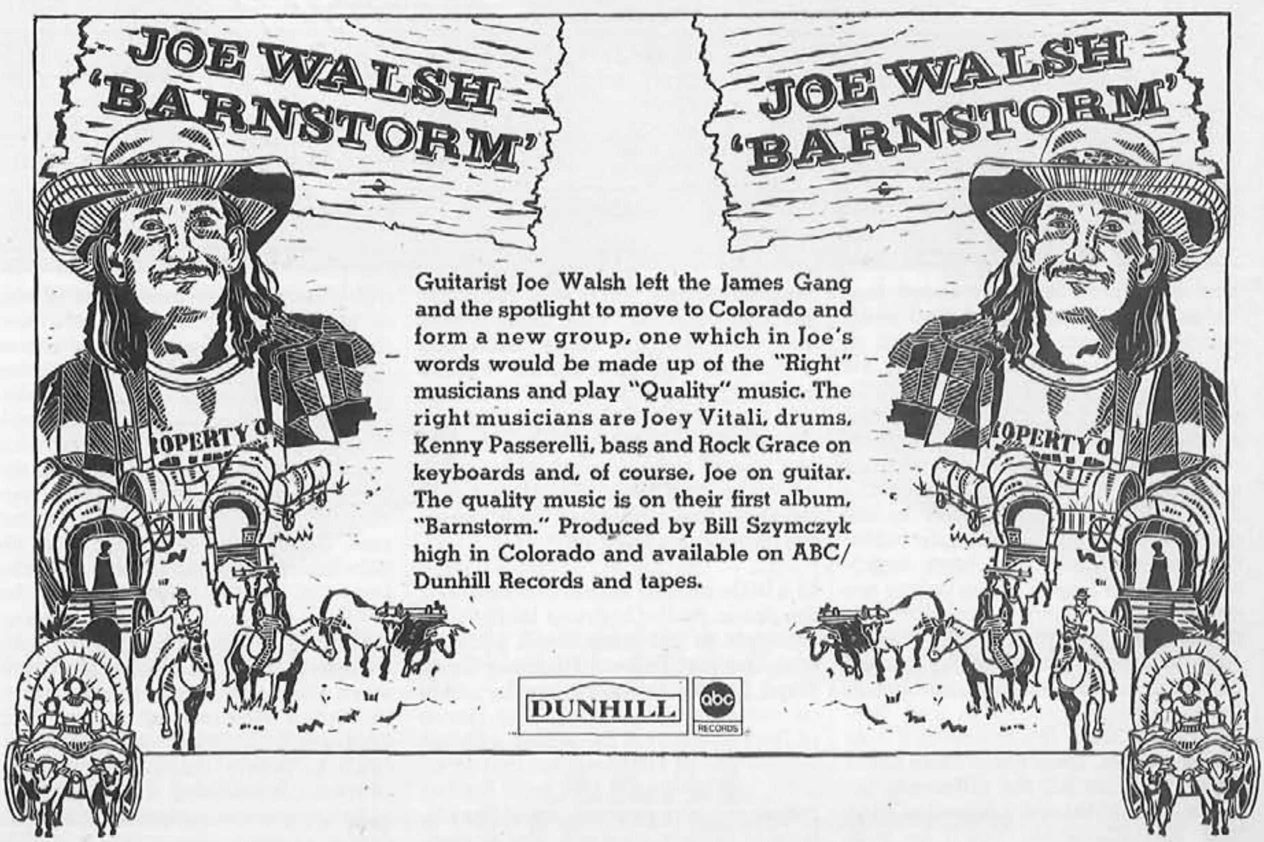
• A trained cockatoo who could roller-skate was among more than three million birds killed in an attempt to halt the spread of an epidemic of Newcastle Disease, a highly contagious malady. The owner of the bird received $2,000 in compensation.

"Before we euthanized him, we had him roller-skate for the last time," explained an appraiser involved in the project, "then we gassed him." *Santa Monica Evening Outlook* (N. Levin)

• During a trial in Salisbury, Rhodesia, a witness was asked, "Was the accused conscious or unconscious when you saw him at the clinic?"

"He was pretending to be conscious, but he wasn't," replied the witness. *Toronto Sun* (D. Spinks)

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Mrs. Agnew's Diary to continue!

FOUR MORE YEARS OF NIXON JOKES!



The Air Force has announced that the accidental bombing of the French mission in Hanoi was the result of "stupid bombs." According to Air Force sources, the older, less intelligent bombs are being replaced on an accelerated schedule with the new "smart bombs," but the huge increase in the number of sorties flown over the North has made it necessary to use more of the relatively simple explosive devices than had been anticipated. "Let's face it, those babies are dummies," commented one senior Air Force pilot, referring to the type of outdated bomb that allegedly caused the damage. "They've got nothing in their warheads but TNT, and they don't know their tail fins from a hole in the ground. They make those naval mines that can tell the difference between a freighter and a school of tuna look like Einsteins. You'll be over your target and you'll say, 'Railyard, get that railyard,' and those bombs will drop off the racks mumbling 'choochoo' and go blast an orphanage. The pilot probably said 'trenches,' and one of those dodo blockbusters thought he said 'Frenchies.' You ask any one of those foreign correspondents who was there. Five'll get you ten there was a big loud 'Duh!' when the damn thing went off."

In a little-noticed action that followed the defeat by the highway lobby in its attempts to get some small pittance from the vast Federal Highway Trust Fund for discretionary use by cities on mass-transit projects, the House of Representatives has added a clause to the Federal Highway Act that probably spells doom for any further moves to make rational use of the billions of dollars involved. The amendment limits the disbursement of any surplus in the Trust Fund left over, should a surplus ever occur, to one or more of the following highway-related purposes: financing pensions for discontinued car models; building old-car retirement garages; underwriting research into chronic mechanical defects and common disorders like oversteer, high oil-pressure, and terminal rust; establishing a Mechanicaid repair-insurance program for vehicles from 1965 and earlier; providing for "Roads" scholarships to allow unusually high-performance American automobiles to travel on autobahns, motorways, and autoroutes in Europe; funding for an aid program to send CAR packages containing tools and lubricants to poorly maintained vehicles overseas; subsidizing the distribution of fuel stamps to automobiles with indigent owners; inaugurating a GM

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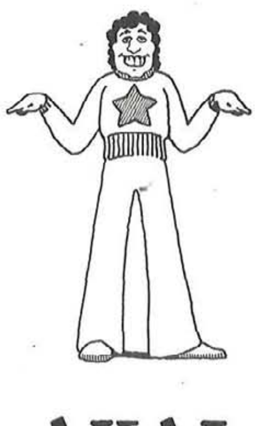




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Following the controversy over conflicting testimony by high military commanders and Defense Department officials during the Congressional hearings on Gen. John D. Lavelle's conduct of unauthorized bombing of North Vietnam, the Pentagon has officially promulgated the doctrine of "protective deception." Under the new doctrine, Pentagon officials will be permitted to make evasive answers or tell outright lies only when unfriendly questions are fired at them or when a newsman or legislator "locks onto" a sensitive area with a hostile line of questioning. "We're not out there to pull the wool over anyone's eyes," explained a Defense Department spokesman. "It's up to the media and Congress. If they don't engage in attempts to pursue us with questions, we won't be forced to take countermeasures."

It has been learned from reliable sources that several Arab governments have joined in urging the United States to deliver as many F-111 fighter-bombers as possible to Israel.

Friends of Japan will be elated to learn of the gift by Mitsubishi Industries of $1 million to Harvard University for the endowment of a chair in Far Eastern Legal Studies. (Incidentally, if you are a friend of Japan, you won't want to miss the annual get-together of the Japanese–American Friendship Society, which has reserved a table for four at the St. Regis Hotel in New York on December 9.) The largesse by one of Japan's biggest corporations is reportedly only the opening gun, so to speak, in a program of foreign aid to the United States that the Japanese will shortly inaugurate, partly to improve their international image in the face of increasing accusations of rapacious economic behavior in the American market. The program, which is understood to be based almost entirely on United States foreign-aid programs of the salad days of the 1950s, is expected to be in full swing by early next year. Dubbed "Operation Sandarstrap," it is said to include sending food packages consisting of raw eel-meat, seaweed, live prawns, and bean paste to needy Americans; building several chopstick factories in depressed areas; constructing a geisha-training college in Alabama; distributing five million copies of the sayings of Buddha in Esperanto to schoolchildren in disadvantaged areas; providing money for training chronically unemployed persons in Appalachia as pearl divers and Suma wrestlers; distributing paper fans, box cameras, and hibachis to victims of the Northeast flood; and sending several thousand tons of rice paper to Alaska for Eskimos who lack decent housing.

On an interview-format television show recently, John D. Ehrlichman, one of President Nixon's top aides, dismissed the Watergate incident and the widespread campaign of espionage and sabotage conducted against the Democratic party by the Committee to Re-e lect the President as "just political pranks that we've always had in this country." We have learned that following the election, the fun-loving Nixon Administration has plans for a number of other kooky capers in the same spirit, including taking away several key constitutional rights and hiding them where no one

can find them; conducting a number of "talk or treat" grand-jury investigations with lengthy jail sentences for contempt for party-pooping witnesses who take the Ffth Amendment; staging late-night scavenger hunts in the homes of persistent critics of the Government; "pieing" the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and other "anti-Administration sheets"; organizing a bench-stuffing lark to find out, just for laughs, how many fascist nonentities can be squeezed onto the Supreme Court; inaugurating several national "hell weeks" during which the FBI, the CIA, and other secret societies will haze dissidents; and organizing "Panther" raids on black militant groups. □

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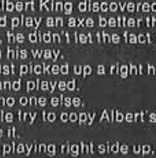
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P60	P144	P280	P550	P709	P814
P79	P145	P308	P551	P722	P816
P80	P146	P333	P552	P731	P826
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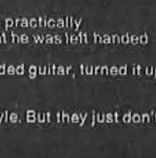
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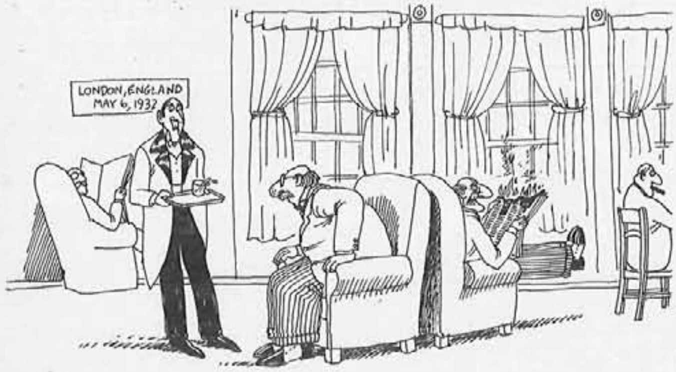






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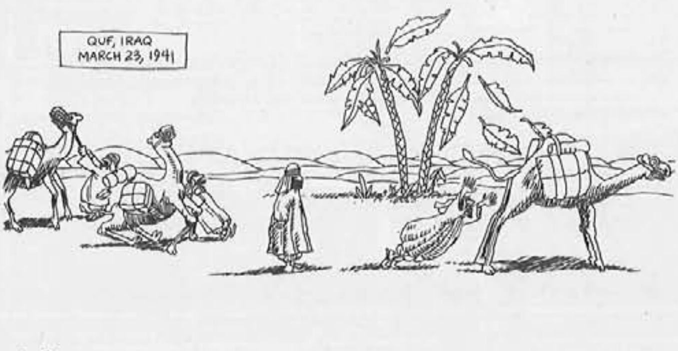
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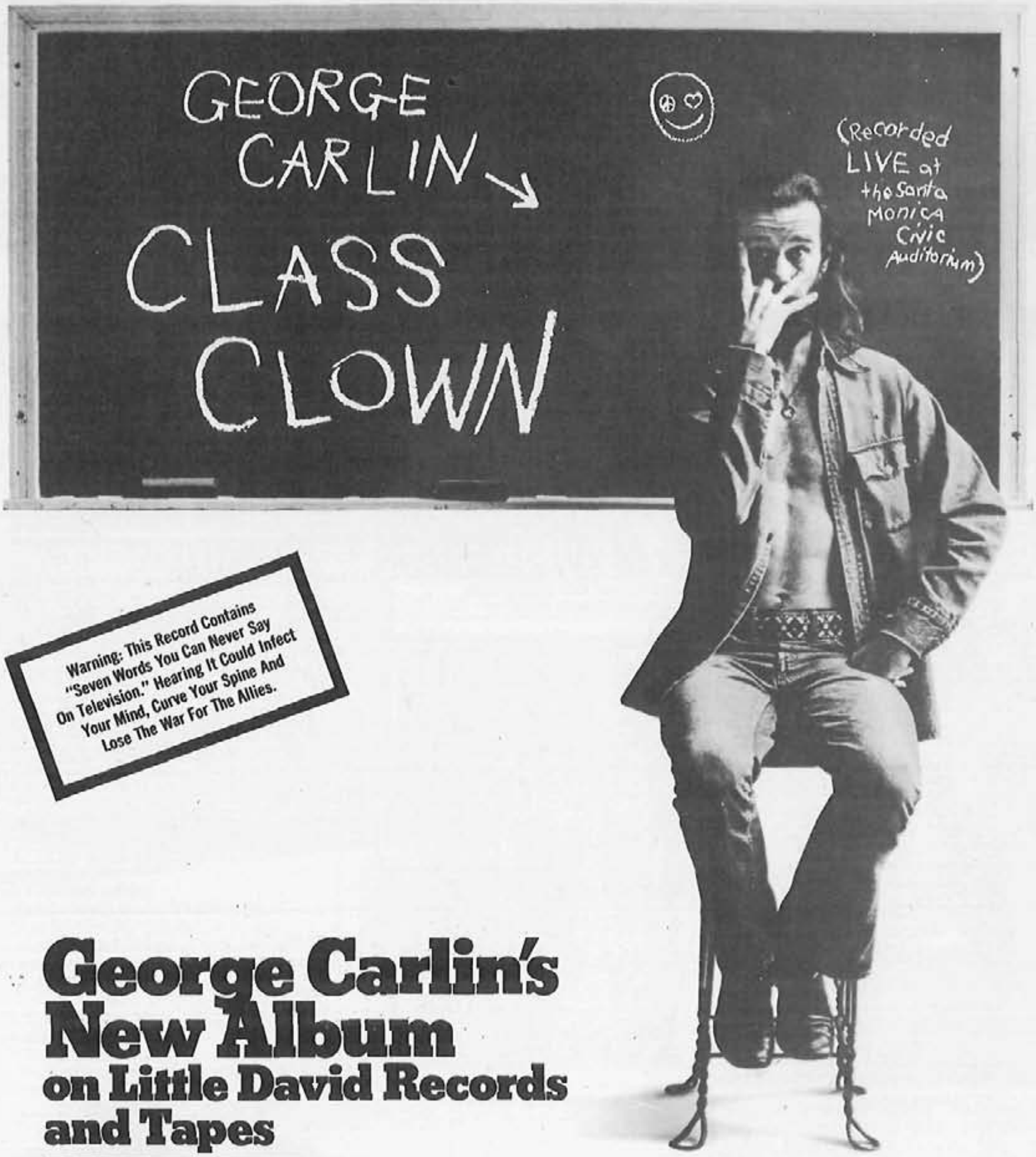
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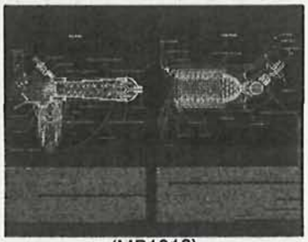
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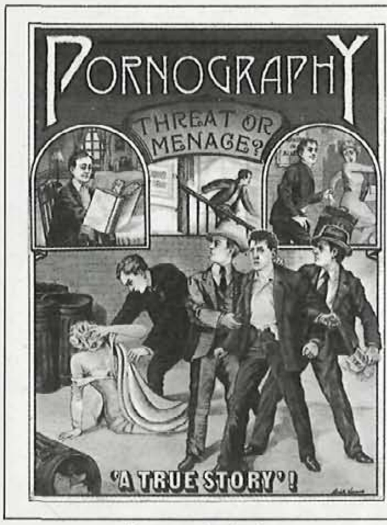
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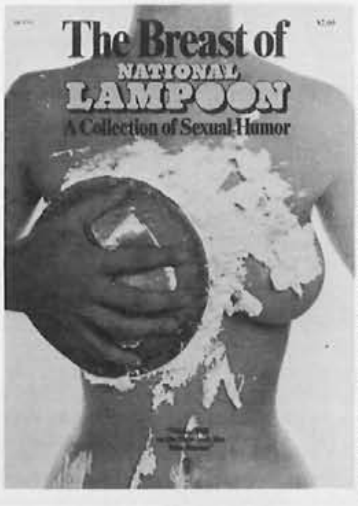




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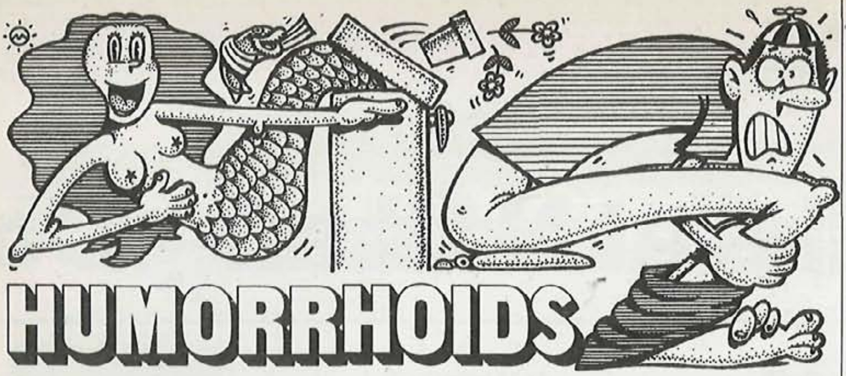
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HUMORRHOIDS

by Hugo Flesch

The following cases are true. Each has been certified by licensed caseworkers. The identities of the individuals have been disguised and are, of course, held in strict confidence. By taking these cases to heart and by remembering the greediest in your prayers and in your generous gifts, you can help them in their struggle to help themselves.

CASE 17
Room for 100 More

Living in one of the biggest mansions in the United States is a tense and often unbearable situation for Duane and Doris E.

Both have become accustomed to getting up hungry from their baronial dinner table. The simple act of "passing the potatoes" sometimes takes up to thirty minutes, and even covered dishes like tuna-fish casserole and Shepherd's Pie arrive at the table stone cold.

Both Duane and Doris now live and work on the first floor: The staircase leading to their bedroom contains over six hundred steps.

Both have laryngitis.

And yet, although they complain bitterly, neither of them has the time or energy to check the morning papers for smaller, more comfortable lodgings. Their newspapers remain on the stoop—over a mile and a half away.

"What will happen to us?" whispers Doris sadly, but her husband won't be able to answer her for at least an hour. He has left to answer the telephone.

CASE 36
A Jewelry Case

The jewels belonging to Rowena O., she says somewhat shamefacedly, "are strewn all over the house.

"It's absurd," she admits, "never knowing whether the rubies are upstairs or down, whether the emeralds are in the kitchen or the closet, or, for that matter, where *are* my diamonds?"

Friends think she's "sloppy," and the criminal classes consider her "easy pickin's."

"It's not a nice situation," adds her husband, who once enjoyed buying them for her, "not a healthy situation." He is adamant in his refusal to buy more until the house is "cleaned out or cleaned up."

"I've tried," says Rowena, "God knows I've tried."

CASE 71
The Root of All Evil

Nolan W. is a quiet, sincere man despite the triple tragedy that saddened him years ago.

When his favorite uncle died under mysterious circumstances, he left Nolan's father nearly $7 million worth of savings bonds. His father, however, died the next day, fatally injured in a fall down a flight of cellar stairs as Nolan looked on in horror. The bonds then passed to Nolan's older brother Nick, who met with a violent end a few hours later when the cable of the elevator he happened to be riding in snapped, hurtling him forty-seven floors to a ready-made grave.

Nolan, the only witness, could only gasp. The memory of it and of the other accidents stayed with him for twenty-five years and caused him severe distress.

Believing the bonds to be cursed, Nolan cashed them in almost immediately, but friends say that Nolan is still worried, haunted by an unnamed fear.

CASE 89
Playing to Win

Mr. and Mrs. H. are deeply troubled by their son Julian, who refuses to play Monopoly unless he's the bank. They fear he cheats, although they have never actually accused him.

Julian, say the doctors who examined him for several months, somehow manages to win every game, although he rarely builds houses on his lots and "seems unusually fond of the railroads and utilities.

"And as you probably know," they report, "that's not where the money is." The doctors too believe that Julian cheats.

"We tried once," they admit, "to get him interested in the yellows—Ventnor, Marvin Gardens, and Atlantic. My partner wanted to unload one of them for St. Charles Place. But, no, the kid wasn't interested. Not interested, can you beat it? It would have been a terrific bargain. But of course he won the game anyway. He cheats, all right."

"Although we're determined to cure Julian," says his parents, "it's slow going." Meanwhile, with every game his condition worsens.

CASE 93
Everything in Its Place?

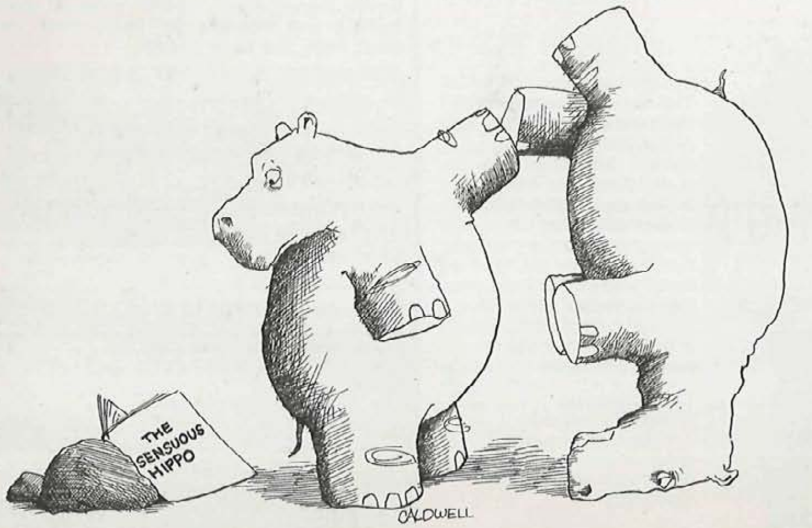
Morris U., the "man who has everything," has a problem to boot.

He desperately needs a place to store everything he has, although, of course, no such place exists.

It's all very complex, says one doctor. "Morris has everything, und where is you going to put all dat? Am I right, Fritz?"

His co-worker agrees: "I think so."

The seemingly insoluble problem is making his doctors irritable. Although both originally agreed to keep some of Morris's things for him, they too are beginning to feel the strain. □



Dr. Trow's Schools



Before I entered the prestige education field . . .

I KNEW THE COLD PINCH OF POVERTY

by Dr. George W. S. Trow, Jr.

Cold cereal for breakfast, off-the-rack clothes, oleomargarine, I knew the whole depressing number. I remember the cruel taunts our family suffered because my dad drove a Dodge without Hydra-Matic drive. "Shift, shift, your pa has to shift for himself," my merciless playmates would screech. Ugly memories . . . but now I look around me and I am at peace. I know the deep contentment that only real money can bring. I look at my costly automobile with its independently wealthy suspension system, its summer home in New London, Connecticut, its appreciation of the finer things, and yes, I am grateful. Yes, now I am ready to help my fellow man.

It may be more than a coincidence that you are reading this at this very moment: of the thousands who are reading, you may be the one who *understands* and enters the prestige education field by acquiring a franchise to one or more of Dr. Trow's Quality Franchise Schools. All you have to do is cough up some capital and we do the rest.



We supply:

- an established alumni-association culled from the mailing list of one of America's most exclusive insurance companies (Gosh, I wish I could mention the name.)
- Corinthian Column (easily assembled)
- A "Deke" House complete with "gross-outs" and "brew blasts"
- Viable Traditions
- Flirtation Walks
- Sophomore Slumps
- Semester Breaks
- Endocrinology Colloquia
- Esperanto Table

AND MUCH MORE

ACT NOW AND RECEIVE A GRADUATION CEREMONY MODELED ON THE IMPRESSIVE RITES PERFORMED AT THE UNIVERSIDAD DE SALAMANCA, COMPLETE WITH HONORARY DEGREES AND A MAJOR FOREIGN POLICY STATEMENT BY GUEST SPEAKER DEAN ACHESON.

FACULTY PROBLEMS? DON'T BE REDIC!

The big boys (who want to keep a good thing to themselves) will try to convince you that education is complicated. Nothing could be farther from the truth—practically anybody can do it. If you are too busy to teach yourself, we supply you with a referral file of defrocked divines, phased-out civil servants, and draft dodgers who will be glad to pitch in!

Now, settle back and select the Dr. Trow Franchise Plan right for YOU. . . .

Dr. Trow's Midas Touch Can Turn YOU into the Man with the Golden Arm. . . .
Yes, you can

EXTEND A HELPING HAND
AND PULL IT BACK FULL OF LOOT

OPEN A DR. TROW

FAT SCHOOL

OR A DR. TROW

THERAPEUTIC DRUG COMMUNITY

Dr. Trow knows today's youth. "They're fat," opines Dr. Trow, "and they're on drugs, and that's the long and the short of it, if you ask me." DR. TROW WANTS TO HELP. Dr. Trow respects the dedication and courage of today's drug user. "People who need needles," says Dr. Trow, "are the pluckiest people in the world." Out of this respect, in response to the legitimate demands of the drug community, in response to the legitimate demands of the fat community, Dr. Trow has developed his unique ACHIEVABLE GOALS PROGRAM.

NO DIFFICULT WITHDRAWAL IN THE THERAPEUTIC COMMUNITY

NO TIRESOME DIETS IN THE FAT SCHOOL

YOU'LL STRIVE ONLY FOR ACHIEVABLE GOALS, SO YOU'LL TURN A HAT TRICK EVERY TIME!

Yes, as a franchise owner, you'll be able to GUARANTEE SUCCESS. How? By using Dr. Trow's copyrighted ACHIEVABLE GOALS formula.

Here's how it works:

When a fat person comes to your Fat School,
When a druggie comes to your Therapeutic Community,
You *weigh* the fat person.
You analyze the habit of the druggie.
THEN, USING DR. TROW'S REMARKABLE COPYRIGHTED ACHIEVABLE GOALS FORMULA, YOU DEVELOP A PERSONALIZED PROGRAM FOR THE FAT PERSON OR THE DRUGGIE.

You'll want to keep your program flexible, but in most cases you'll program the fat person for a 30-percent weight increase over a six-month period. The druggie will be able to increase his habit by at least that much *and* he should be able to pick up on several new drugs previously beyond his experience. MANY STUDENTS ACHIEVE THEIR SIX-MONTH GOAL IN MERE WEEKS, DRAMATICALLY ADDING TO THEIR SELF-CONFIDENCE. One young lady, who had known nothing but failure in conventional programs, went from stubborn



chubbiness to gross obesity in ten days, thus experiencing for the first time the exhilerating feeling of GOAL ACHIEVEMENT. At the elaborate party we gave her to celebrate, she put on many additional pounds.

As their food and drug habits get really excessive, so do your profits, *'cause you pay Dr. Trow's low, low price for the exotic supplies they require, but you can charge what the traffic will bear.* Here again, Dr. Trow sees to it that YOU POCKET THE DIF!

Watch their consumption soar with these favorites:

Candied Asparagus with Amphetamine Sauce
Highly Addictive Afghan Ragweed (big markup possible here)
Hash Fudge
Methedrine Mallomars
Mescaline Malteds

And we promise no one will be able to keep his or her mittens out of the Cocaine Cookie Jar. You'll love it when your young students clap their pudgy perforated hands for more, and you'll have the inner satisfaction of knowing that you are helping others meet their vital needs. . . .

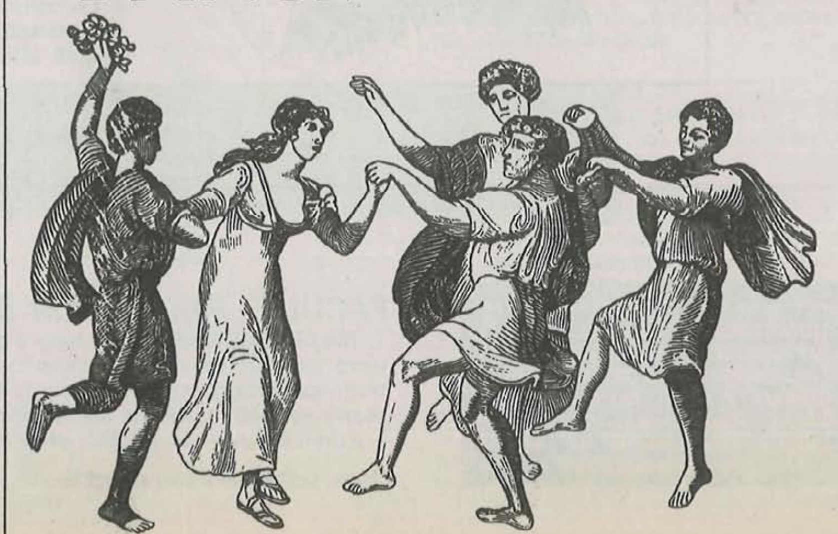
Dr. Trow does it all on the easy franchise plan

If they're not fat, if they're not on drugs, if they're not looking for the Alternate Route, you can still help, because chances are they

CAN'T DANCE

Now you can two-step your way to a small fortune with a Dr. Trow CAN'T-DANCE-SCHOOL franchise. . . .

How many people do you know who can dance—*really* dance. Oh sure, even your paraplegic friends have something they do on a dance floor—but can they tap dance? Do they know the intricate steps of the fabulous polonaise? Have they ever thrilled to the obscene strains



Budget-minded?
Select the

ALTERNATE ACADEMY FRANCHISE PLAN



And you'll cut costs to the bone. . . .

- No Expensive Books
- No Costly Curriculum
- No Sexist Sports
- AND NO DEGRADING DEGREE

INSTEAD—A Unique Learning Environment with the Accent on Poverty, and YOU, Mr. Franchise Owner, POCKET THE DIF!



Mmmmmmmmmmm. What's that Earthlight's cooking for supper? Why it's BROWN RICE again, and again, and again. Yes, you'll feed Alternate Academy students organic macrobiotic foods for mere pennies per week. Charge them for meat, but save them from actually eating it. YOU POCKET THE DIF, while gleaning the added satisfaction of knowing you're doing the right thing.

Yes, there are a lot of different ball games you can play in the prestige education field, but none so satisfying (and so doggone profitable) as the one you'll play at Alternate Academy. Probably, in your town, there is a man you envy—maybe he owns the mill where your daddy lost his fingers, or maybe he runs the bank that took away your family's farm (and priceless heritage) during the troubled thirties. Well, whoever this man is, chances are he has REBELLIOUS DISCONTENT CHILDREN who are looking for "THE ALTERNATE ROUTE." Yes, RICH KIDS are eager to TURN ON TO POVERTY! Now, wouldn't it be profitable to charge them a bundle to live like anchorites? Wouldn't it be satisfying to turn the child of the most powerful man in town (someone you've feared for years) into A MINDLESS MALNUTRITION CASE? Of course it would!

And so easy for you! 'Cause you know THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS AN ALTERNATE CULTURE, THERE IS ONLY ALTERNATE MERCHANDISE. . . .

And Dr. Trow supplies it all on the easy franchise plan!

CAN'T DANCE? THEN WHEEL IT OUT OF HERE. I'M LOOKING FOR A CUTIE WHO CAN CUT A RUG!



Oh, I hope he picks me! He knows the intricate steps of the polonaise!



of the mazurka, or known the dignified majesty of the dance of death?

Do you know how many dances there are to learn? Over 338,000! And more coming every day! Nobody knows all of them, so that nearly everyone is fair game for your deliciously overbearing CAN'T-DANCE campaigns.

As a CAN'T-DANCE-SCHOOL franchise owner, you'll benefit from our national CAN'T-DANCE promotions. Millions have already been made uneasy. Give us the word and our trained staff will propel dozens, scores, hundreds of nervous customers over the anxiety threshold into *your* Dr. Trow CAN'T-DANCE SCHOOL. You've seen our skillful promotions in newspapers and magazines.

Do you know why people want to dance? Well, if you don't, Mr. Prospective Franchise Owner, educated doctors with degrees from high-priced medical schools do know. They know that people want to dance because they lead squalid, miserable lives. You probably know yourself how it feels to be something less than totally happy. Maybe you have an ugly cyst on your cheek, or maybe you have to live with someone whom you loathe and who loathes you. Now that you think about it, don't *you* wish you knew the intricate steps of the polonaise? Yes, everyone is READY TO DANCE. We all want to TURN ON TO TERPSICORE.

And Dr. Trow makes it possible on the easy franchise plan!

Here are some of the dances you'll teach:

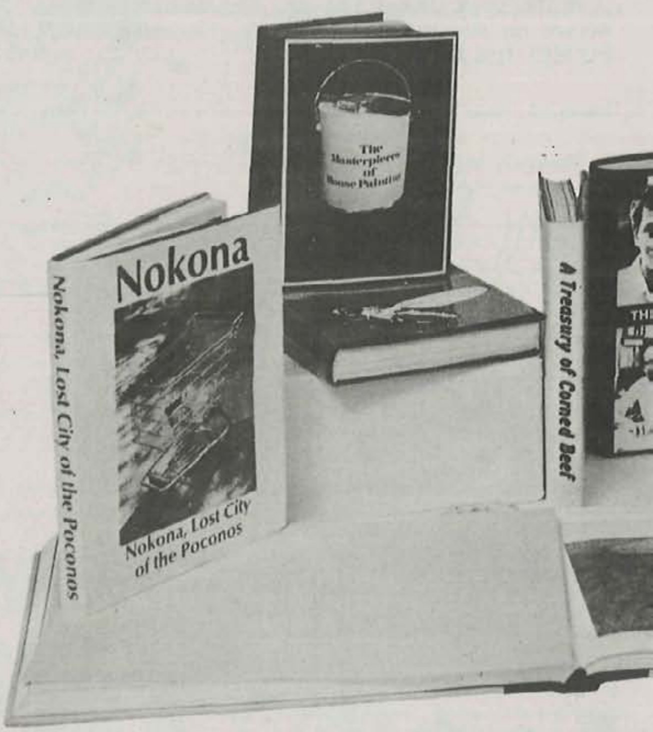
Steppin' on the Spaniel!
The King Korn Stomp
Delivery Truckin'
The Lindbergh Baby
Bunny Ballin'
The Andrew Carnegie
and many more . . .

Dr. Trow makes it all possible on the easy franchise plan!

The Golden, Wonderf Expensive Christmas

Books, of course, make the most cherished gifts, and this year the publishers have pulled out all the stops in creating books for Christmas gift-giving. No area has been overlooked, no esoteric subject has been ignored, and no expense has been spared in producing the biggest, heaviest, most luxurious giftbooks ever. Here are a few samples of the bountiful harvest that awaits the armchair book buff this Christmas.

by Gerry Sussman



THE BOOK OF NESTLE
The Illuminated Chocolate Miniatures of the Duchess de la Cloves

It would be difficult to imagine a more exquisite volume than last year's Christmas offering by the Holy Arts Press, *La Passion de la Vierge*, the religious toenail paintings of Albrecht Scholl. But the Holy Arts people have surpassed it this year with their remarkable version of the medieval masterpiece *The Book of Nestle*.

The Book of Nestle was created by the gifted monks of the St. Nestle monastery of Avignon as a devotional gift to their patroness, the Duchess de la Cloves.

Each page contained only one chocolate miniature. So that the duchess did not have to poke every chocolate with her finger to find out what the filling was, the monks created an elaborately illuminated alphabet and symbols to represent the various flavors.

To further amuse the duchess, the Latin text on each page contained a special offer. If she would mail back the chocolate wrapper and ten florins, she would receive a valuable prize—a five-piece comb-and-brush set, a fan, a pair of hand puppets, a colored ball and drum, etcetera. Art historians consider this to be the first direct-mail premium-offer on record.

Reproductions of the chocolate miniatures are superb, even of such fillings as mead, frankincense, mandrake, and mugwort.

$65 100 miniatures 5 lbs.
(also available in 2- and 3-lb. assortments)

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPOTS

A collection of the greatest spots, spills, stains, and discolorations in the world, selected by the editors of *Spots Illustrated*. The color photographs are the best we've ever seen, ranging from the subtle shadings of underarm perspiration on a linen jacket to a vivid, gutsy chili sauce and the earthy stain of a Provencal bouillabaisse. The photographs by Gene Frasker of the oil spots on the New Jersey Turnpike are worth the price of the book alone.

Special pre-Christmas offer: $49.95
After Christmas: $65—or 99¢ if remaindered

THE JOYS OF COUGHING

The simple act of coughing, one of man's basic pleasures, is captured in all its wonderful variety by the world's greatest photographers: the unknowing infant gagging on mother's milk, the longshoreman clearing his throat for the first good one of the day, and the old-timers still sitting around the potbellied stoves "laying an oyster."

Along with the joys, there are also the sadder aspects of coughing—with poignant shots of rough, racking coughs; retches; whooping coughs (now extinct); and that mysterious brother-in-law of the cough, the hiccup.

A must for chronic coughers and armchair coughers alike, it ranks alongside the magnificent earlier volumes in this series, *The Joys of Sneezing* and *The Joys of Scratching*.

$75

THE FABULOUS IRVINGS

The story of Irving Wallace, Irving Stone, Clifford Irving, and Washington Irving, complete with over five hundred photographs, sixty in color and thirty-five in sepia. The author, Steven Cheltenham, attempts to prove that *all* these Irvings are not the same person. The *big* book of the year for armchair literary buffs.

$55

THE HOUSE AND GARDEN BOOK OF TEPEE DECOR

Over five hundred tepees, chosen by the editors of *House and Garden* for their brilliant interior design and decor. Hundreds of photographs and sketches, many in color, plus diagrams, floor plans, and swatches, presenting the work of such firms as Billy Muskrat, Limping Wolf & Gentle Deer, and Frank Lloyd Ponytail.

Styles range from a sleek, efficient mud-and-buffalo-hide bachelor's quarters to the sumptuous tepee of Chief Crazy Plum, filled with antique dirt-floors and authentic Navajo designs on Fieldcrest washable Orlon blankets. There are also many valuable design ideas from the prize-winning public-housing developments such as Laughing Duck Apartments and Rabbit City.

$80

A GOLDEN TREASURY OF FLYPAPER

Old, rare flypaper is now attracting a large group of avid collectors. This huge volume contains over five thousand examples of this unusual craft, such as the English honey ropes, the marvelous Pennsylvania Dutch carved-wood fly-paddles with religious symbols, the primitive Mexican *chirozo* with its deadly spiders, and much more. Anyone who has ever used the sterile, scientific "pest strip" of today will be filled with nostalgia for the beautiful and remarkably effective flytraps of the past.

$85

THE JOCKS

A fascinating history of athletic supporters, from the earliest examples (the Greek Olympic jock made of wood) to the feather-light swimmer's model of today. Included are rare photographs of English and French jousting jocks, many weighing over thirty-five pounds; the magnificent jeweled and velvet royal-dress jocks of Russia and Spain; the humble, crusty jock used by Babe Ruth for twenty-five years, now in the Baseball Hall of Fame; and, of course, the sleek, ultra-efficient jocks of today, with hundreds of candid, behind-the-scenes photographs of their wearers.

$75

NOKONA, LOST CITY OF THE POCONOS

A superb retelling of the archaeological find of the century, the discovery of Nokona, an entire city buried right under Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Nokona was the home of the Pocono tribe, an advanced civilization that had, as early as 5000 B.C., a supermarket, a laundromat, a beauty parlor, and a Chinese restaurant. According to the diggings, the Poconos had no idea of the upper world, and Nokona was going about its business as a thriving lost city until 1936. "It was hurt severely by the Depression," writes Professor Claude Mansard. "When the bottom fell out of Scranton, it must have hit Nokona pretty hard."

Professor Mansard contributes a brilliant text and many provocative speculations on this strange, vanished city. Photographs by Henry Levine are nice and sharp.

$85

THE FORGOTTEN WORLD OF THE ENU

Perhaps the last truly wild creature on earth, the enu continues to fascinate the professional and armchair naturalist alike, since no

l Treasury of the Most Giftbooks of All Time



one has ever seen one.

The enigma of the enu is compounded further by his ability to survive in an environment that offers little food, water, or shelter. Gordon Leslie's stunning photographs of the enu's bleak, monotonous landscape reveal how little grandeur and majesty there is in bleakness and monotony. The text by Professor Lawrence C. Burns offers little hope for the enu's survival but manages to capture the dignity and determination of this animal in a charming, tender portrait.
$90

THE NOSE-PICKING COLLAGES OF PICASSO

The long-awaited definitive book on Picasso's Green Period, a congested-nasal-passage phase that lasted about four weeks in the fall of 1932, when he was purported to have a rather severe case of hay fever and a sinus cold.

Indefatigable despite his extreme discomfort, Picasso used everything his nose could produce to create these incredible collages. He would pick out his *beuges*, or "boogies," as we call them, and combine them with his mucus to form startling shapes and patterns.

Professor Henri Reynard, who contributes a valuable text, describes Picasso's typical obsessions with this new art-medium:

"For one collage he would blow his nose for hours and hours until he was satisfied with what he saw on the handkerchief. Sometimes he would be dizzy from blowing and virtually picked out, but somehow, from the inexhaustible wellspring of his genius, he would produce more material and create another masterpiece."

A lavishly produced volume with over ten thousand reproductions, fifty in color, plus a fascinating description of Picasso's experiments with the dry- and wet-mounting of his material. Armchair nose-pickers will spend many a cozy winter's evening with this handsome volume.
$350

TEN THOUSAND YEARS OF ORIENTAL RAGS

Much has been written about the fabulous oriental rugs but very little until now about another great oriental art—rags.

In contrast to Western tradition, the Chinese, Japanese, and Persians have always regarded the rag as far more than a common household tool. They have used it to create their most beautiful and elaborate embroidery, festooning it with precious jewels and jade, and painting it with sacred and secular art.

Unfortunately, in the royal courts the rags were only used once—for light dusting—and were then thrown away. But some have managed to survive, and Professor Andrew Highsmith has given us an exhaustive study of this magnificent art. He covers everything from dust rags to carriage wipers to dish cloths. There is a lovely chapter on the exquisite *Tsu Tai*, the Japanese royal sanitary napkin, each one containing a complete lesson in feminine hygiene, with pictures and captions woven on its surface.

A must for every oriental-rag buff. Eight thousand illustrations, 3,500 in color.
$450

A TREASURY OF CORNED BEEF

A loving, lavish look at one of the world's most popular meats. There is a complete chapter on the famous Dead Sea Corned Beef, unearthed at the same time as the Dead Sea Scrolls. "We had a few slices and it was still very tasty," writes Professor Hyman Weinberg, author of the text. "But it was much too fatty for modern tastes. They probably never heard of cholesterol in those days."

In a lively, informative style, Professor Weinberg traces the many styles and epochs of corned beef from the earliest primitive pieces used in sacramental rites to the sixteenth-century Renaissance, the golden age of the great picklers, the Classic and Regency periods, the glorious excesses of the Baroque and Rococco styles, and up to the currently popular Irish Romantic and Show-Business Jewish. Contains over two thousand photographs, including 350 color slides, plus twelve sandwiches—four with Swiss cheese, turkey, and Russian dressing, four with coleslaw, and four regulars with mustard.
$125 (no substitutions allowed on the sandwiches)

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF COFFEE TABLES

A book *for* coffee tables *about* coffee tables. The author, Nils Trefner, follows the history of this beautiful yet functional piece of furniture from the first recorded example (the Egyptian *ktuk*, a large, flat rock that was placed on the backs of four crouching slaves who served as the table legs) to the futuristic Italian designs of today.

As an extra treat, the book itself becomes a coffee table. It has four pullout cardboard legs built into the back cover, and the front cover is finished in Formica.
$500 Weighs two hundred pounds. Special pre-Christmas offer: also available in your choice of five handsome wood-grain finishes.

THE MASTERPIECES OF HOUSE PAINTING

At last, in one massive volume, the work of the greatest house painters of our time! From the legendary Kornokouvsky, who used only one two-inch brush to paint entire estates, to the brilliant modern work of Zingetti, the controversial double-roller genius of the high-rise office buildings, this volume is indispensable for the amateur and professional house-painting buff alike.

Superb photographs capture the impeccable moldings and trim of Anton Tremalchek. There is a complete retrospective of the works of L. Shapiro and Son, who boasted of forty-five years of ceilings without a drip mark. And there is a special chapter on the stark, spacious look of Jack Ziskin, the Mies van der Rohe of walls, who worked only in white. With an affectionate, witty text by Richard Leibowitz and Ben Siegel and actual samples of the masters' finished work.
$500 (every sample is two coats)

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF JACQUELINE SUSANN

The complete works of Jacqueline Susann, including *Every Night Josephine, Valley of the Dolls*, and *The Love Machine*, and made of pure gold. Every page is twenty-four-carat gold, embossed with silver print. A treasured gift for reading buffs and for everyone who appreciates fine, quality printing.
$15,000

THE PAINTINGS OF ANDREW WYETH

The Wyeth buff will really appreciate this book not only for the definitive text by Professor James Hickey but for the genuine Wyeth paintings. Each book contains twelve original Wyeths (unframed), carefully bound and individually protected with a handsome velour cloth. Four oils, four watercolors, and four etchings.
$250,000

THE HOUSE BOOK

A book that actually turns into a house. A handsome twenty-room contemporary colonial house is snugly hidden within the jacket of the book. Comes complete with Hotpoint all-electric kitchen, pine-finished basement and playroom, central air conditioning and all-wool carpeting throughout.

A thoughtful "his and hers" gift from Neiman-Marcus.
$100,000 each

Inventions That Never Made It

Ideal for Campers



Port-o-Pee Portable Urinal

A rugged, chemical urinal that keeps the campsite sanitary and free of insects. A must for the true woodsman. Weighs only sixteen pounds.

Camproducts, Inc.,
220 Pine Lane, Deerfield, Ill.



BLATZ
INDIA STILL ALE

- **no messy "head" to get in the way of your drinking pleasure**
- **no unhealthy carbonation to cause painful gas buildup**
- **no annoying bubbles to irritate nose and throat**
- **no bitter soda aftertaste**

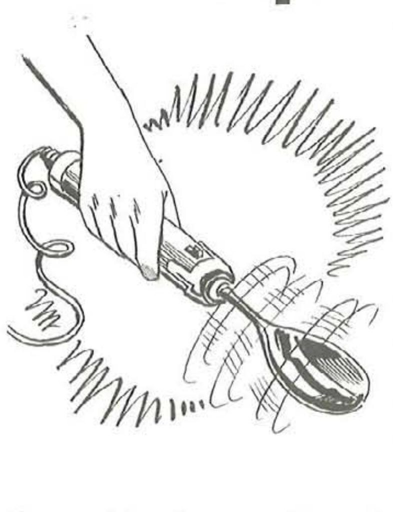
We've managed to bring together ancient old-world brewing skills and modern scientific know-how to produce the best thing that's happened to beer since the *invention of hops!* Thanks to a unique patented process that takes out the unpleasant bubbles but leaves in the hearty robust beer flavor, Blatz ISA is the easiest-drinking, best-refreshing lager you can lay your hands on. And you can drink as many as you like without discomfort. Remember:

You say good-bye to gas,
when you drink Blatz!

Pick some up in the popular three-pack. In bottles or handy Key-Kans, with the can opener *you can't forget.*

All New!

Hamilton Beach Electric Spoon

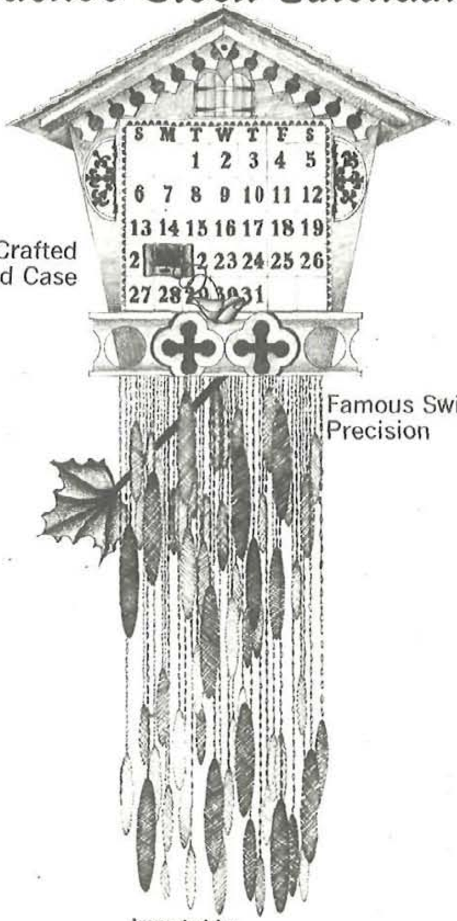


Say good-bye to sore wrists and tired arms with this carefree appliance. Stirs, whips, scoops, and separates. Makes even the most ambitious recipe a breeze. A must for the busy homemaker!

Only $14.95

It's a conversation piece! It's a useful reminder!

Cuckoo Clock-Calendar



Who but the legendary Swiss could have built such a handsome—and rugged—timekeeping instrument? Entirely handmade by craftsmen in Switzerland's legendary Black Forest, using skills handed down from generation to generation, this traditional timepiece is a masterpiece of wood-carving and mechanical genius.

Every hour on the hour, a cheerful cuckoo comes out of its door in the clock to chirp the time, and another pops out of the right day in the calendar to tell you the day of the month. You won't have any trouble remembering either one anymore!

And it's easy to operate. Once a month, all you do is change the decorative weekday border and the month plate (clock comes complete with seven borders and twelve month-plates) and wind the thirty-one month-chains.*

It's beautiful and useful—fun for kids, and a boon to the blind. Only $39.98. Order today.

Imported by
Catchpole and Smith, Inc.
142 W. Street, Washington, D.C.

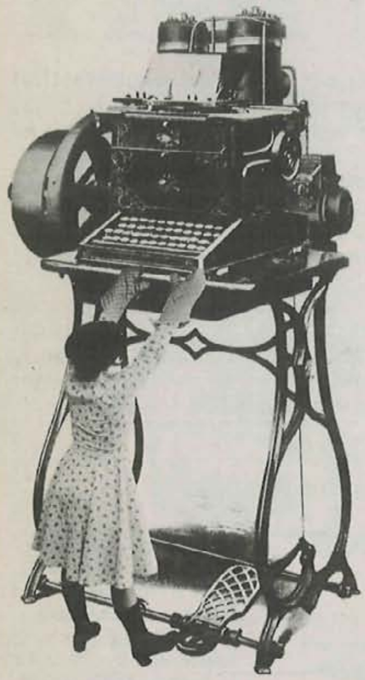
*Clock requires winding every twelve hours. Minor adjustment is required to keep calendar accurate for February, April, June, September, and November.

continued

STANLEY

SUPER-VAPO POWATYPE

AUTOMATIC
TYPEWRITING MACHINE



The Stanley Super Vapo Powatype Automatic Typewriting Machine is the most advanced and up-to-date typewriting instrument in existence today, embracing recent scientific advances in the United States and Europe. It makes obsolete all other models, thanks to its superior speed and ease of operation. Its method of functioning, protected by U.S. Patent No. 2,349,712, consists of a simple steam piston, which, when activated by the depression of a valve, propels the carriage, returning it to a starting position; and a rotating drum powered by a reliable chain-drive steam motor, which impels the letter-block armatures to strike the paper when individual keys are depressed.

Both devices are operated by a light-weight steam boiler apparatus that can be fired by gas, coal, wood, or paper, thus solving office-disposal problems.

Secretaries who have had the opportunity to employ the Stanley Super-Vapo Powatype Automatic Typewriting Machine have been impressed by its labor-saving features and have remarked that, with the aid of this revolutionary instrument, it is possible to complete two or three times as much work during business hours as had previously been the case with mechanical typewriting machines. Thus, it is clear that the Stanley Super-Vapo Powatype Automatic Typewriting Machine will readily pay for itself in only a very few months of operation.

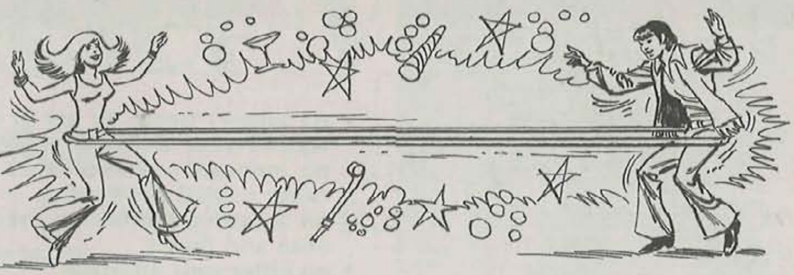
The Stanley Super-Vapo Powatype Automatic Typewriting Machine is supplied with asbestos gloves for the comfort of the operator, a high-grade heat-resistant carborundum roller, and specially designed flameproof erasing instruments. Reams of noncombustible paper are offered by the manufacturer and may be obtained in bulk for reduced rates at the time of purchase.

We urge all modern office establishments to examine this extraordinary piece of equipment.

**THE STANLEY MANUFACTURING CO
WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT**

HEY KIDS!
CATCH UP WITH THE CRAZE THAT'S SWEEPING THE COUNTRY

THE CHA-CHA HOOP



You'll never know how much fun dancing can be until you try the cha-cha hoop. It's kooky! It's keen! Get too far away from your partner, and it pulls you together. Get too close, and it drops. How many steps can you dance without dropping it? A great gag for parties, a perfect way to "break the ice" at dances. Have a contest to see which couple is best, or just "practice." Works just as well for the rumba, the shag, the lindy, the bunny hop, the tango, the stroll, the pachanga, the mambo, the shimmy, the Susy-Q—you name it. And girls, don't worry: it's made of durable rubber, leaves no marks, can't break. Comes in six colors. So, get in on the fun. Only $3.98 at most stores.

Great American Novelties, Inc.



WHAT EVERY BOY WANTS!

A SET OF MODEL BUSES



"All passengers
for Paterson, New Jersey,
can get on now!"

Stumped on what to get for Junior on his birthday? Well, here's the ideal gift: a set of model buses!

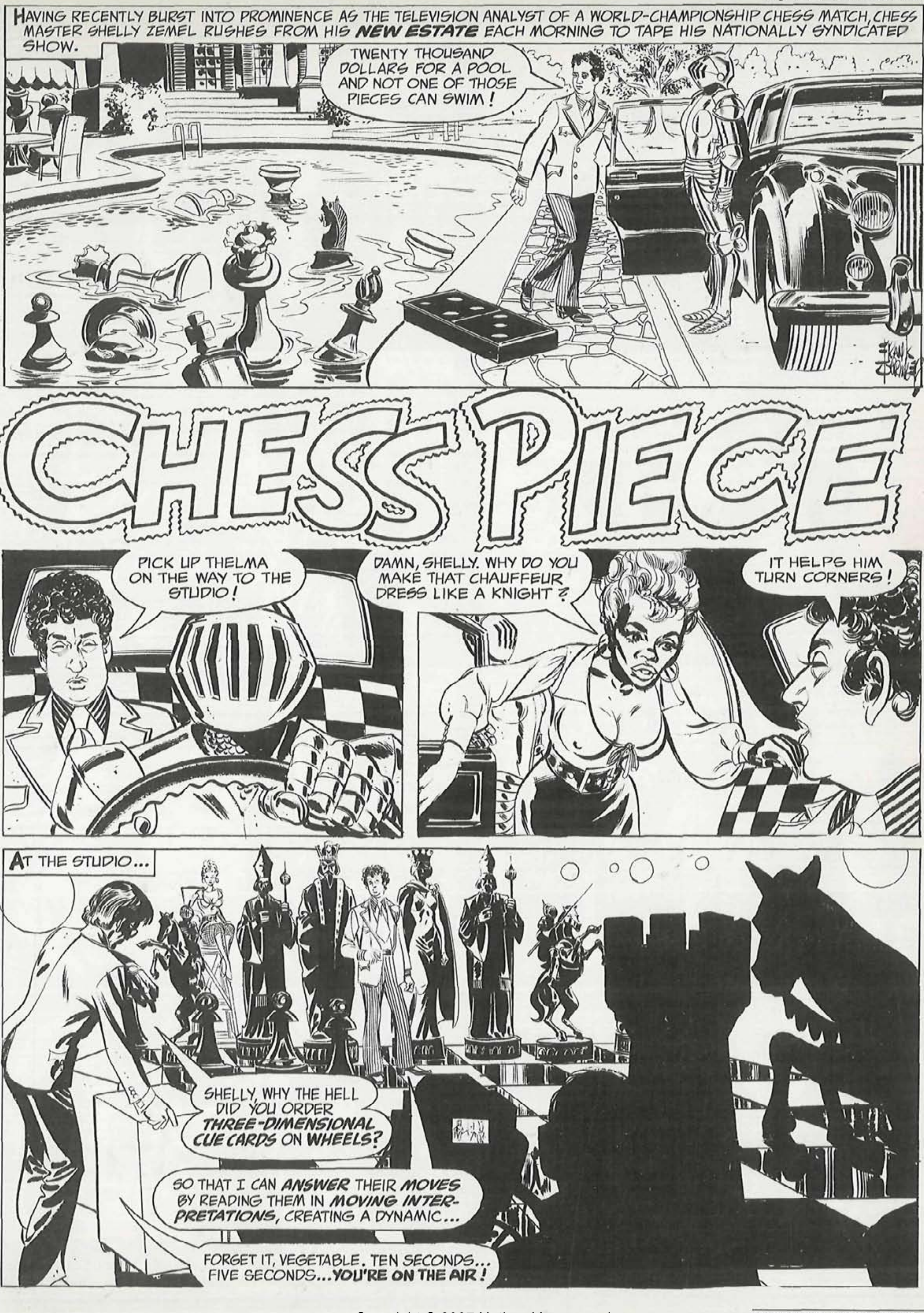
Choose from dozens of HO Gauge copies of fabled vehicles like Mercedes, GMC Double-Decker, Budd Coach, Dodge 10-Wheeler (each beautifully painted with the colors of all the legendary transcontinental carriers), Greyhound, Continental Trailways, Carey, Silver Arrow, Public Service, The Green Line, Minneapolis Transit, and many more. Each model is accurate to the smallest detail, including lights that work and exhaust pipes that emit clouds of blue smoke!

The buses run on realistic-looking, easy-to-assemble highway sections and are powered by a safe, low-voltage current. And many sets come with scaled-down plastic accessories, including overpasses and underpasses, bus stations, luggage, road stops, two-bit towns, and wrecked trailer trucks.

It's a dream come true! After all, what boy doesn't want to grow up to be a bus driver? $19.95 and up. At all major toy stores.

Marvel Toy Co., Indianapolis, Indiana

by Ed Bluestone




HELLO, I'M SHELLY ZEMEL, YOUR CHESS ANALYST. WELCOME TO "GREAT MACRO-MOMENTS IN CHESS." WE SAY "MACRO-MOMENT" BECAUSE A MOMENT OF CHESS CAN BE SEVERAL HOURS LONGER THAN AN AVERAGE MOMENT. YET, A MACRO-MOMENT'S PLEASURE IS EXTENDED FOR SO LONG IN COMPARISON TO OTHER SATISFYING MOMENTS. AND NOW, LET ME EXPLAIN OUR SHOW.
EACH WEEK, THESE SELF-ACTIVATING ELECTRIC CHESS PIECES ARE PROGRAMED TO RECREATE THE DECISIVE MOVES OF AN HISTORIC MATCH. TONIGHT WE GO BACK TO 1871, WHEN AUGUST VON DER HEYDT MET COUNT ALBRECHT BERNSTORF. AT STAKE WAS NOT ONLY THE JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE SLESWIG-HOLSTEIN BROTHERS-OF-GOETHE SOCIETY...
...BUT ALSO A SIDE-BET INVOLVING SEVEN BARRELS OF SPAM, A RARE LUXURY AT THE TIME. BEFORE WE BEGIN THOUGH, I'D LIKE TO REPLY TO THE MANY LETTERS I'VE RECEIVED CONCERNING THE ABSENCE OF GRANDMASTER CHESS ON OUR SHOW. QUITE CANDIDLY, IT SEEMS THAT MOST LIVING GRANDMASTERS (AND THE ESTATES OF PAST GRANDMASTERS) ARE IRRATIONALLY DETERMINED TO KEEP ME FROM ANALYZING GRANDMASTER CHESS.
THEY SAY THAT MY ANALYSIS LACKS ANY PERCEPTION OF THE GAME'S BEATIFIC GRACE. AND THAT AT TIMES I VERGE ON MAKING CHESS APPEAR VULGAR.
NATURALLY, THEY'RE ALL MAD, BUT SUCH ARE THE ODD MENTAL QUIRKS OF GENIUS AND ITS GUARDIANS.
EVEN THE HEIR OF ONE OF TODAY'S PLAYERS WAS RELUCTANT TO GRANT ME BROADCASTING RIGHTS TO THE GAME YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE. VON DER HEYDT'S GREAT GRANDSON IS A SIMPLE LEATHER-CRAFTSMAN. WE OFFERED HIM FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, AND HE STILL MADE ME DO SOMETHING SUBMISSIVE BEFORE HE WOULD SIGN THE CONTRACT.
YET, IRONICALLY, I FEEL AN AFFINITY TO VON DER HEYDT. HE SOMEHOW BELONGS WITH THE EBONY PIECES, WHICH ARE HIS IN TODAY'S GAME. WHAT'S MORE, HIS AWFUL GRANDSON SEEMS TO FIT IN AS A RETROSPECTIVE SYMBOL OF SOME COMPLEX BUT UNIFIED STRATEGY. IN FACT, I LIKE THE BOY! HE REPRESENTS THAT CHARISMATIC LOGIC FOUND ONLY IN CHESS!
WELL, NOW IT'S ONCE AGAIN TIME FOR MY USUAL OBJECTIVITY, AS WE JOIN BERNSTORF'S WHITE PIECES AND VON DER HEYDT'S GLEAMING BLACK ONES SHORTLY BEFORE THE TWENTY-THIRD MOVE OF THEIR CLASSIC MATCH. THE ELECTRIC PIECES SHOULD BE MOVING ANY SECOND, AND I'LL BE CALLING THE ACTION FROM MY KING-LINE SEAT, IF THELMA GIVES IT BACK TO ME.
YOU MUST BE JIVIN', SHELLY!


GOD! THEY'RE MOVING ALREADY!!
JUMP, SHELLY, JUMP!
THOSE DAMN PIECES WOULD'VE KILLED ME! THEY HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO HUMANITY OR COMPASSION!
I THINK I'VE CAUGHT MY BREATH. WE CAN SEE THAT VON DER HEYDT'S SOOT-SHADED PIECES HAVE IMPELLED BERNSTORF'S WHITES INTO AN IMPOTENT POSITION. I HONESTLY FEEL THAT BERNSTORF HAS NO CHANCES. BUT, IN THE INTEREST OF IMPARTIAL ANALYSIS, I MUST REVEAL THAT SEEING BLACK'S BEAUTIFUL DOMINANCE OF THE GAME HAS GIVEN ME AN ERECTION.
THE PIECES ARE MOVING AGAIN! IT'S LIKE A VORTEX OF GALAXIES!
OH...OH! AS THE SMOKE CLEARS, MY FIRST IMPRESSION IS THAT SOMETHING REMARKABLE HAS HAPPENED. THIS IS MERELY AN INSTANT ANALYSIS FROM A MAN WHO HAS JUST LOST AN ERECTION, BUT I THINK THAT THIS BLACK PAWN IS TRAPPED. VON DER HEYDT MAY HAVE BLUNDERED. SUDDENLY, I'M DEPRESSED. NIETZSCHE WAS RIGHT ABOUT GOD.
THEY'RE MOVING AGAIN!
MY ANALYSIS WAS CORRECT. AND NOW LIFE SEEMS SO EMPTY. I CAN'T BEAR TO WATCH THE LITTLE DARKIE BANISHED FROM THE BOARD.


OUR JUDICIAL JANITOR IS DEACTIVATING THE SENSE-LESS SPADE. HE NEVER SHOULD HAVE MOVED THERE, BUT PERHAPS HE HAS LEARNED A LESSON!
YOU WOULD HOPE THAT HE'D LEARNED A LESSON, BUT HE SHOWS NO REMORSE. ON THE BOARD HE MAKES MISTAKES, AND OFF THE BOARD HE'S INACTIVE, A NEGRO NONENTITY WAITING FOR WELFARE. I HAVE AN URGE TO PUNISH THAT PAWN.
I'LL TAKE OFF MY ORDINARY BELT TO PERFORM THE TASK.
AND THEN, I'LL GO BESERK ON THE BOOGIE!!!
ARE YOU SORRY? ARE YOU SORRY NOW? YOU FAGGOT, NEGRO, NUMBSKULL!
RESPOND TO MY ATTACK, YOU AIMLESS ANIMAL.
IT'S NO USE WHIPPING HIM. I GET THAT SAME COLD FEELING THAT SETS IN AFTER I CORNHOLE THE CASTLE. ITS HULKING, HOLLOW HOLE NEVER OBTAINS AN ORGASM OR EVEN MEANDERS INTO MOISTURE. ONLY A FOOL WOULD OFFER HIS SUMPTUOUS SALAMI TO A STERILE STONE-TOWER.
WHICH IS WHY I KNOW THAT MY TIME HAS COME TO HUMP THE HORSE—TO VANQUISH THE VITALITY OF HIS THOROUGHBRED'S RACING RECTUM!


IT'S POST TIME, YOU LOVELY LICORICE LONG-SHOT!
THAT WAS PAINFUL, BUT I THINK I DENTED HIM!
YET, MOST IMPORTANT IS THAT I SUSTAINED MY ALLITERATION IN A SPONTANEOUS CRY OF ECSTASY. THIS PROVES THAT I PERCEIVE CHESS AS AN ART, WHICH IS WHY I SO WILLFULLY WEDGE MY WORM INTO THESE WRETCHED WOODEN WARRIORS.
I DON'T NEED GRANDMASTER CHESS TO GET MY ROOKS OFF. WAIT UNTIL THE LUNATICS WHO HATE ME SEE HOW I FEL-LATE THE FRIAR.
I KNOW THIS MAY SEEM LIKE A HOMOSEXUAL ACT, BUT I'M MERELY USING HIM AS A VEHICLE TO THANK GOD FOR CREATING CHESS!
WHERE DOES HE KEEP IT? HE MUST HAVE ONE. THIS IS SO FRUSTRATING THAT I FIND MYSELF WITH A CARNIVOROUS CRAVING TO COMMIT...
...CUNNILINGUS WITH THE QUEEN!
WHERE'S YOUR BUSH, SCHVARTZA?



THERE'S NOTHING THERE! SHE'S BEEN CUNTSTRATED! HOW DOES SHE DO IT WITH THE KING ?...
THE KING!! HE'S THE CAUSE OF MY DEGRADATION. THESE OTHER PIECES ARE ONLY HERE BECAUSE HE NEEDS PRO-TECTION. I CAN BE NORMAL AGAIN IF I KILL THE KING!
POWER TO THE PAWNS!
YOU SEE! HE'S NOTHING BUT WIRES AND ZINC!
THE BOARD IS MINE NOW!
R-R-RIP!
THE KING IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE KING!
NO MORE GAMES, GAMBITS, STRUGGLES, OR SACRIFICES. I CAN LIVE AGAIN-EAT, BREATHE, CONTEMPLATE. MAYBE EVEN READ A NOVEL.
PERHAPS WRITE A NOVEL! A FEW THOUSAND PAGES THAT WOULD REFLECT BACK ON MY LIFE. IT WOULD BE NOTHING LIKE NABOKOV'S DEFENSE. MY BOOK WOULD TRULY EXPLORE THE INTRICACIES OF THE GAME. ITS NUANCES OF...
SHELLY, TWENTY MORE SECONDS OF AIR TIME.


GREAT SHOW, SHELLY. YOU FINALLY FELT LOOSE OUT THERE.
IT WAS ONE OF THOSE EVENINGS THAT PERFORMERS DREAM OF.
A STANDING OVATION FROM THE PRODUCTION CREW...
DYNAMITE!
A TRIUMPH!
THANK YOU.
I'M FINALLY LIBERATED! COME, THELMA, I NEED YOUR TRANQUILITY.
YOU STILL AIN'T GETTIN' IT FOR FREE, HONKIE!
MORAL: PSYCHOTIC STAYS THE SKULL THAT SEEKS A SCEPTER.

The Gift of the Magi

by Oh! Henry!
(as told to Chris Miller)

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And even that pittance had taken Della months to save, a penny at a time in daily combats with the butcher, the druggist, and other local merchants. "Why, you parsimonious cunt," the butcher had said to her just the other morning.

Della counted her money again. Still $1.87, in spite of all her scrimping and saving. And the next day would be Christmas.

Clearly there was nothing to do but flop down on her shabby little sofa and club the clam. Hitching her timeworn dress up to her waist and slipping her patched bloomers to her ankles, she slid one slender hand through the twining blond magnificence that was her bush (more on this growth shortly) and found the soft nubbin of her passion. She gave her wee willie some hot licks, let me tell you. Soon she came, showering sweet sera upon the sofa, where it puddled about her bum, mixing with the dried residues of a thousand previous masturbations.

It was Della's wont to clout her cookie whenever life began to overwhelm her. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and here she was with less than $2 with which to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. How many hours had she spent dreaming of the splendid gifts she might buy for him?

Abruptly, Della spun to the mirror and regarded the reflection of her wah-wah. Her face went suddenly pale, but her eyes were very bright. How Jim loved that wah-wah! There were still love-droplets suspended in the downy, golden hair, and the light from the window exploded each drop with color so that they looked like tiny jewels.

Now, there were two important possessions of Jim and Della, in which both took tremendous pride. The first was Jim's wonderful erection. It was long and hard, with a mighty heft. Jim's father had sported such an erection, and his grandfather before that. Jim's favorite moments occurred when Della would stroke and tongue his great hard cock. His erection meant the world to him.

Their other proudest possession was Della's golden bush. Had the Queen of Sheba lived across the hall, Della would have hitched up her tattered skirt whenever they met, just to deprecate Her Majesty's gold and jewels. And had John Dillinger walked along the sidewalk below, Jim would have hung his great shaft out the window, displaying it fearlessly to the noted killer.

Della stared pensively into the mirror. Her bush was very special, comprised of hairs so fine, soft, and yellow you could have mistaken them for spun gold. By candlelight, they took on glowing mysteries, and Jim would run his face through them, kvelling at the musky animal perfume he would find there. And when her bush became matted from the juices of their lovemaking, it took on a tawny, tangled aspect, like a lion's mane. Truly a beautiful beaver, she thought, and a small tear welled from one eye to trickle down her cheek.

Ah, well. She pulled her clothing together and put on her matching tattered brown hat and coat. Sadly, yet with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she walked determinedly from the apartment, down the stairs and into the street.

Her destination lay three blocks away. The sign read: "MARIE'S MERKIN MART—Pubic Hair Bought and Sold—Top Dollar Here!" Della ran up the flight of stairs and into the shop, to be confronted by Marie, a large, olive-skinned woman of formidable bosom. Swallowing, Della lifted her skirt and tendered her pelvis self-consciously.

"Won't you buy my pussy?" she asked.

"¡Caramba!" breathed the merkin dealer. Screwing a jeweler's glass into one eye, she knelt before Della and peered intently into the startled girl's auric triangle, occasionally swearing softly in Spanish. Finally, she stood up and pulled the glass from her eye.

"Twenny dollar," she said.

"Twenty dollars!" cried Della. "Why, you parsimonious cunt!"

"Eef you no wan' eet . . ." Marie pushed by Della and headed toward a rear room.

"Give me the money," whispered Della, "and shave me quick!"

The next two hours were bouyant. Della ransacked the finest stores in the city. At last she found them—the very electric vibrators Jim had so admired in the magazine at the barber's. Sleek, shining things they were, of chrome and black plastic, with leather bands to secure them snugly to the hands. Yes, these engines were worthy of *his* cock. Smiling, she payed the clerk and took the gift-wrapped package under her arm.

Next she visited Mr. Wapnarsky, the butcher, who looked up from his newspaper as she entered, and rolled his eyes heavenward.

"Oy," he observed to the ceiling. "The parsimonious cunt is back."

"Now, Mr. Wapnarsky," said Della, "let's not start."

"Each day she comes here," Mr. Wapnarsky told the wall. "Sob stories she gives me. 'I'm scrimping and saving to buy a present for my Jim,' she tells me."

"Oh, you," said Della gamely.

continued on page 58

photograph by Ronald G. Harris

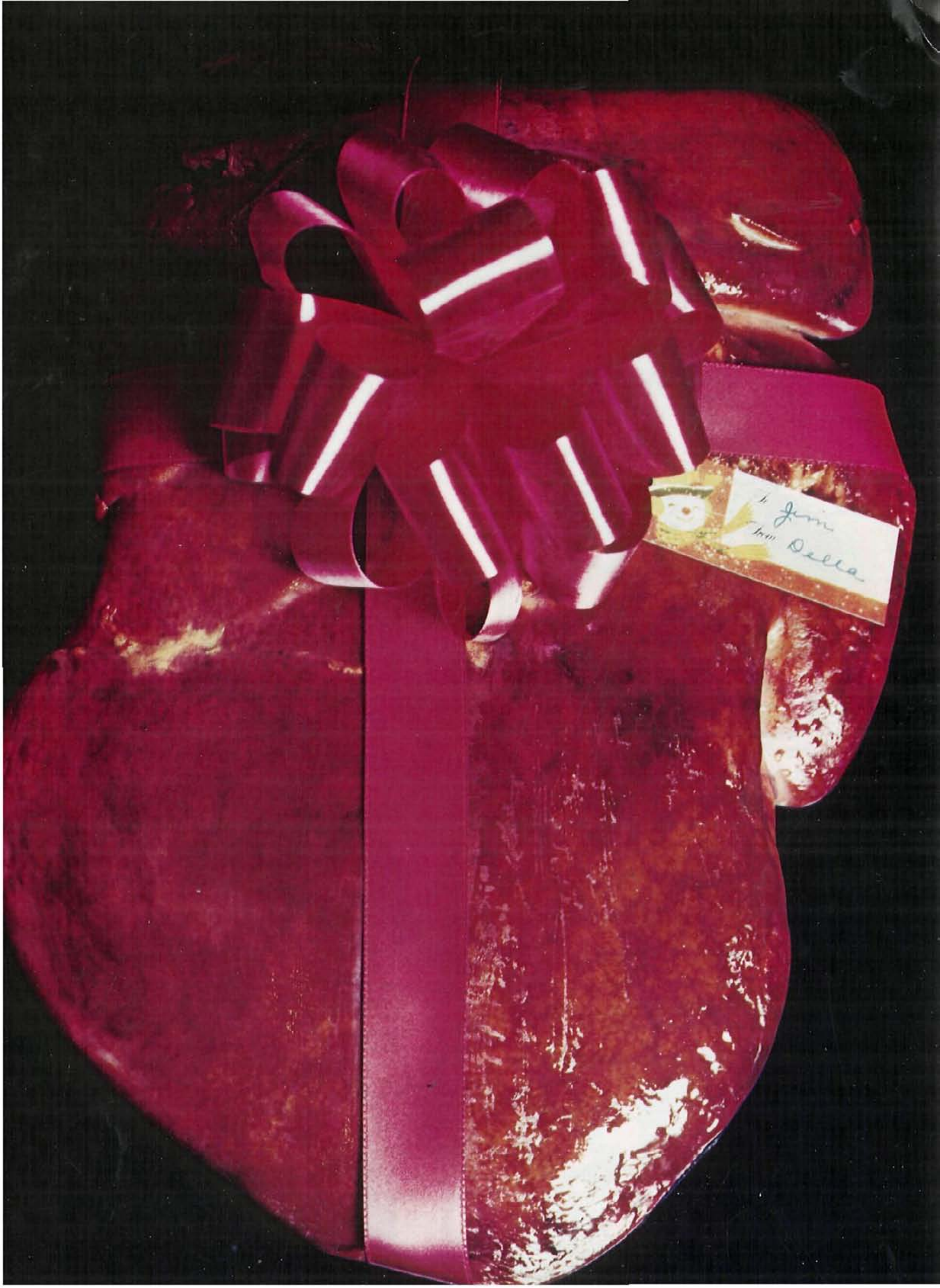

Jim
Della

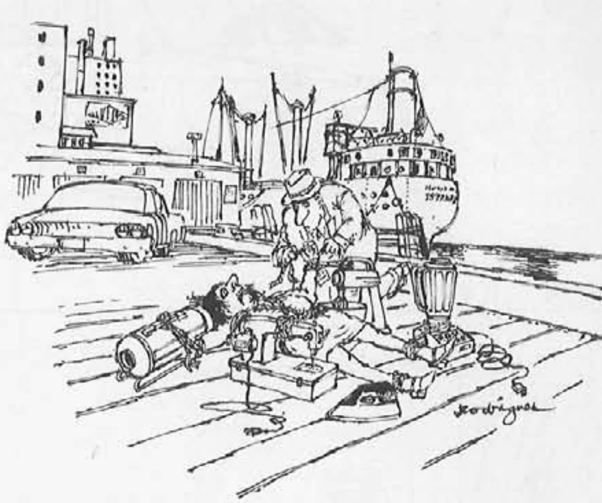

FOTO FUNNIES
THE DOCTOR WILL SEE YOU IN A MINUTE.
YOU'RE ABOUT MY DAD'S AGE. HIS NAME IS CRAIG.
CHEESE
BRRRRRM VRRRM GOK GOK
A LOBSTER POT FELL ON HIS HEAD AND HE WANDERED OFF ONE DAY...
VAAAAOOOOSH OOOOOWWWWW
... BUT HE WASN'T HARD TO FIND-HE LOOKED A LOT LIKE HENRY EGAR AGA WALLACE...
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BREEIING
...OR FAITH BALDWIN. SO DO YOU IN A WAY....
IN FACT, YOU REMIND ME A LOT OF HIM... THE LOBSTER, I MEAN. (HA-HA!)
WHAT IS THIS ABSURDIST SHIT? THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A FOTO FUNNY, NOT WAITING FOR GODOT.
YOU KNOW, I BET THREE PEOPLE TOOK TURNS WRITING PARTS OF THIS FOTO FUNNY, I MEAN, JEEZ, IT READS LIKE A LAUNDRY LIST.
YOU MEAN THEY GOT THE PICTURES BACK, SAW THAT I DIDN'T LOOK ANYTHING LIKE NIXON, AND JUST SAID THE HELL WITH IT?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT. AND WHOEVER GOT STUCK WITH WRITING THE LAST COUPLE OF PANELS WILL PROBABLY JUST END IT WITH AN ADAGE OR A DUMB PUNCH-LINE OR SOME MORE GIBBERISH.
NEVER PUNCH A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH OR SHIPS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT OR GAGA BABRUUUU FREEZIP BLESH DEE-DEEDEE GEMP....

MEN'S LIBERATION*

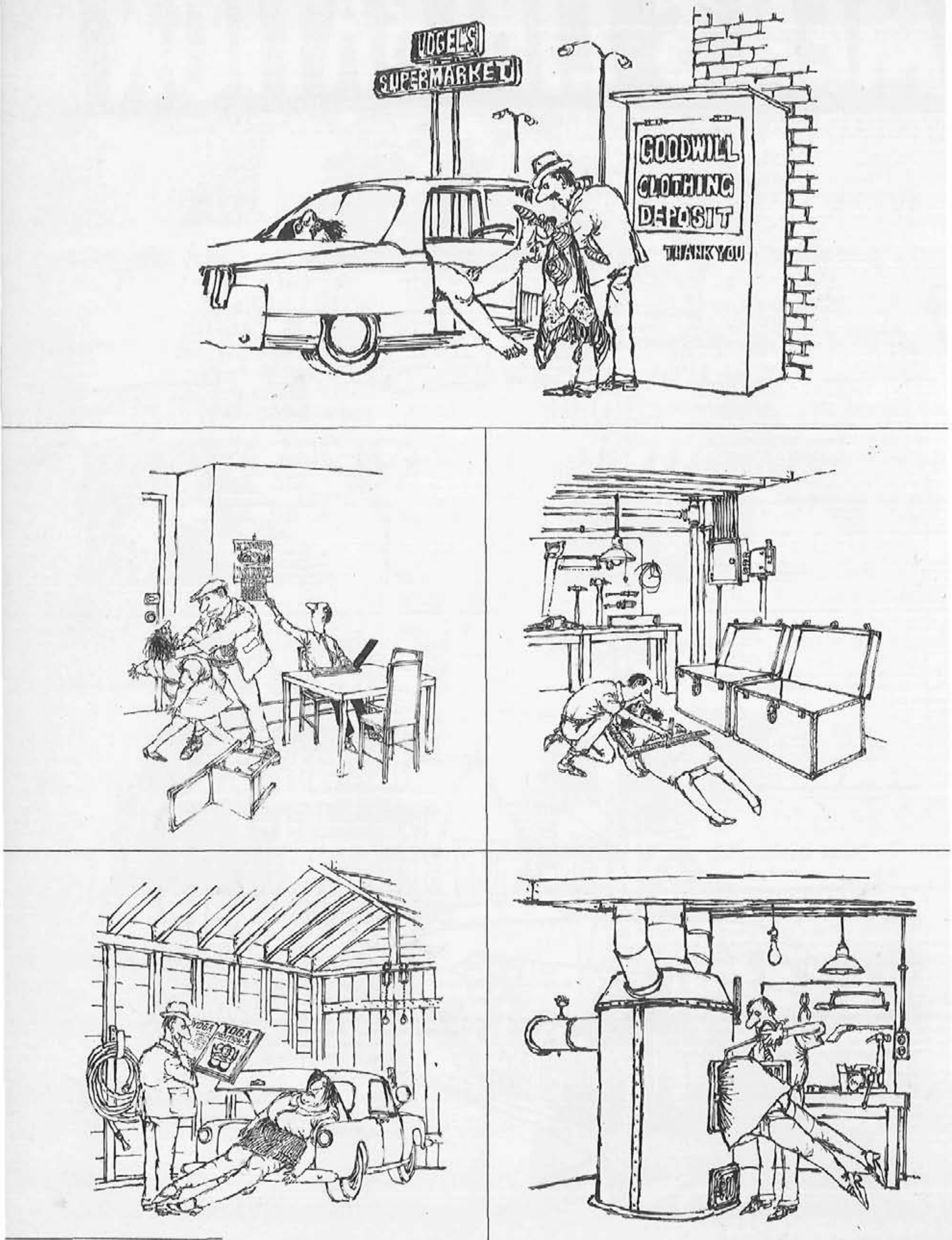
*INSPIRED BY THE LATE CHEVALIER RAOUL.

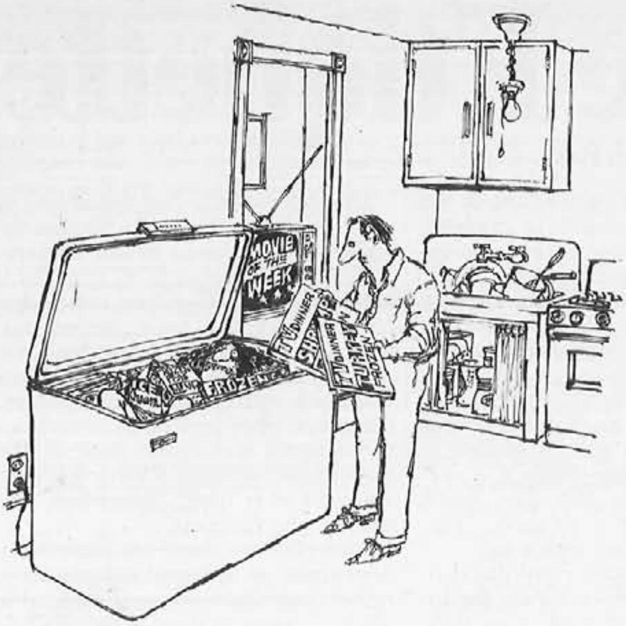
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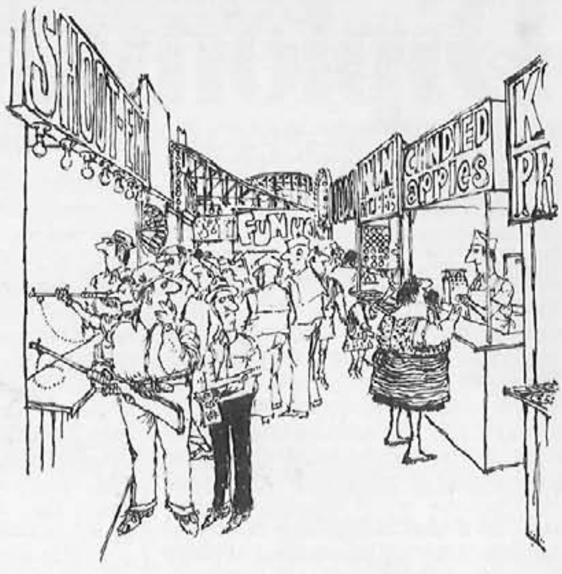


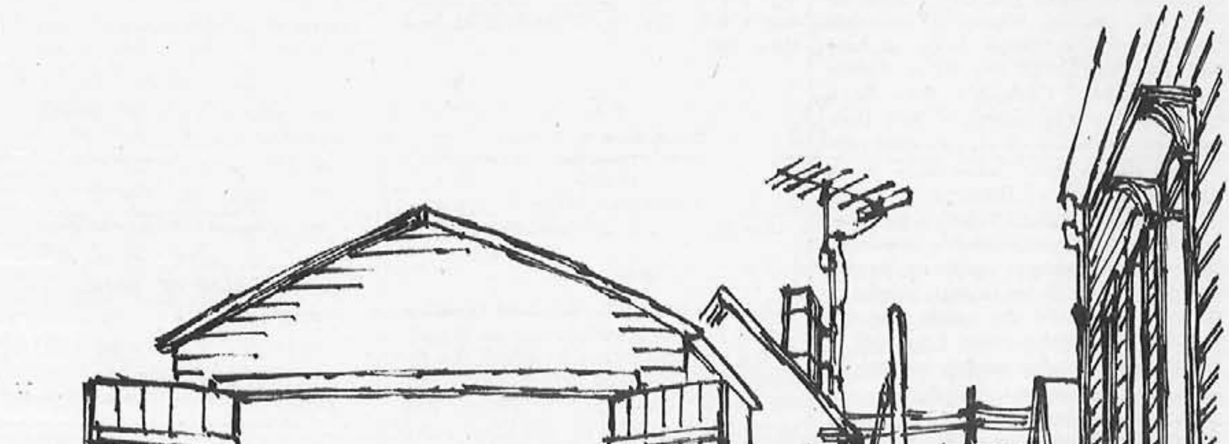





VOGEL'S
SUPERMARKET
GOODWILL
CLOTHING
DEPOSIT
THANK YOU
YOGA
YOGA


MOVIE OF THE WEEK
FROZEN


SHOOT-EM
CANDIED apples
FUN



Diplomatic Etiquette

by John Boni

Diplomats, premiers, and juntas tell me that I have been remiss in my goal of attempting to refine the world's behavior by not addressing myself to the many different kinds of communiqués that pass between nations during the normal hurly-burly of world affairs. How right they are! Nations and countries *should* be as familiar with written etiquette as the average deb or social matron. Moreover, appropriately worded declarations of war or an acceptably phrased international rebuff bespeak membership in a well-brought-up family of nations. After all, who among us could take offense at, say, an upcoming gala holocaust or a coup dansant if it is suitably announced? I know *I* couldn't.

It is also a known fact that better etiquette in these matters would do wonders toward lessening tensions throughout the world. Look at how well the families of the *Social Register* get along. Certainly they have their feuds—who doesn't? But they never ever bomb each other's card parties or strafe their "enemies'" charity bazaars. Why? Because etiquette keeps their hostile attitudes at manageable, socially acceptable levels, so that a well-wrought snub or an ingenious piece of malicious gossip is enough to satisfy the needs and demands of all antagonists. Likewise, it is better, not to say neater, to slander a country rather than destroy it.

Everyone who's anyone in power* should remember that social notes between nations fall roughly into three categories: formal, informal, and threats. Though the proper form for a gracious threat is certainly important, in this chapter we'll be considering primarily formal and informal notes.

FORMAL NOTES

Formal notes are always in good taste and acceptable, even between allies. Their familiar, traditional wording prevents any misunderstanding, an important consideration, especially among enemies. Formal notes are most often used for invitations and announcements.

> ON BEHALF OF EMPEROR HIROHITO
> THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN
> REQUESTS THE HONOUR OF YOUR PRESENCE
> AT A SNEAK ATTACK
> AT [redacted] O'CLOCK
> [redacted], 19[redacted]
> AT P[redacted] H[redacted]R.

*If at all in doubt, consult Jane's *Book of Fighting Ships*, *Who's Who in Airpower*, or the Institute for Strategic Studies' annual report.

Notice how the particulars of the occasion are laid out in a graceful, economical, and informative manner. This is what etiquette is all about. Each specific item is given its own separate line. Note that no punctuation is used, except for the date, which, considering the nature of the event, the sender was understandably reluctant to divulge. Note, too, that words like "honour" are always spelled in the English fashion—with a *u*. (If you could see the last line, you'd notice that the last word there, "harbour," is also spelled with a *u*.)

In this sort of social event, the considerate country will indicate the intended length of the affair so their guests can plan ahead. This information is not always available or reliable, however, although truly gracious countries—and frankly there aren't many left—try to estimate it as best they can.

> *Austria*
> *Cordially Invites You to Attend*
> *A World War*
> *In Europe*
> *From Now to Whenever*
> *R.S.V.P.* *Full Military Dress*
> *Gas Masks Optional*

In this example, the host country did its best to approximate the length of the planned event. Frankly, the indefiniteness can be attributed to the country's generosity; in effect, Austria is saying that no one need leave if he's still having a good time, and the tone of the note makes it clear that latecomers and undecideds will be accomodated—a sure sign of thoughtfulness on the part of the host.

While formal notes and announcements are always appropriate, some countries unfortunately prefer to contaminate this elegant form with well-intended but misguided egalitarianism:

> HI, Y'ALL.
> THE U.S. OF A. IS GIVING
> A LITTLE BASH
> AND CIVILIAN ROAST
> AT SOUTH VIETNAM
> SO Y'ALL COME,
> Y'HEAH?
> BRING YOUR OWN TROOPS.

One can literally *feel* the affront to good taste that this note represents. This affair required a *formal* declaration, but some countries just don't seem to care whether they ruffle a few friends' feathers. As it turned out, very few countries attended this event—and rightly so. The host country was stuck with all the bombs, planes, tanks, and other perishable items from the caterers and found itself in the embarassing position of having to consume all of it itself. Remember, formal for the function.

Nevertheless, there are exceptions. Sometimes an informal communiqué, rather than a formal one, is preferable when a personal tone is required to acknowledge a deep friendship or bond that exists between countries:

> Dear Nazi Germany,
>
> So sorry I had to leave in the middle of your delightful war, but I suddenly remembered I'd left the lights on in Naples or something, and I just had to run. Best of good luck.
>
> Always,
> Italy

As you can see, an informal approach has its uses in a formal situation. However, we must note with sadness the rise in popularity of the so-called form notes. Neither formal nor informal in tone, these hermaphrodites of social scrivening serve the needs of convenience alone, since they are preprinted and need only be filled out by the sender:

> Germany
> REQUESTS THE HONOUR OF YOUR PRESENCE
> AT A Blitzkrieg
> TIME: Pre-Dawn
> PLACE: Poland
> AND AFTERWARD
> AT THE RECEPTION IN Warsaw

Naturally, when a country plans many similar affairs, like repeated terrorist attacks throughout the world, the form notes may seem a godsend, but the loss in elegance is hardly worth it. I can't help but deplore their increased use. Have we become barbarians in these matters? I hope not. After all, the sending of formal announcements has a long history that we must preserve if we're to maintain our precious heritage of civility. Emerging nations seem to understand this instinctively:

> NIGERIA
> PROUDLY INVITES YOU TO OBSERVE
> A GENOCIDE
> AT BIAFRA
>
> There will also be a brief famine
> afterward for your entertainment.

Gentility and refinement know neither color nor race as this lovely invitation shows. No form notes for the Nigerians, who prefer to maintain the tradition that goes as far back as the ancient primitives:

> *The Vandals*
> *Cordially Invite*
> *All Goths, Vikings, and Barbarians*
> *To an Afternoon of*
> *Plunder and Rapine*
> *When the Big Red Ball Comes up in the Sky*
> *At the Village*
> *Near the Foot of the Mountain That Spits Up.*

or:

> Attila the Hun
> And His Hordes of Vicious Mongolians
> Request the Pleasure of Your Company
> At an Unparalleled Wave of Destruction
> And Rapine, Vandalism, Mindless Slaughter, and Malicious Mischief
> Beginning Promptly at A.D. 473.

Overlooking the improper spacing, the vulgar use of punctuation, and the absence of an R.S.V.P., the tone of these announcements is still formal. And I feel certain that our friends the Goths and Mr. Attila would have rejected outright the form note, had it existed then. So should we all.

Informal Notes

How often have you wanted to take pen in hand to send a truly thoughtful, personal note to someone to thank him for a gift or for being a gracious host—or to express your condolences—even though you don't mean it? This is also what etiquette is all about. Nations occasionally experience this same urge, but they usually mean it less. This need for the personal touch brings us to the choppy seas of the informal note, where we are left adrift to compose our own reactions to events in the international waters of life. Informal notes are what we in the well-mannered world of gracious living refer to as the basic letters, the bread-and-butter—or, in the case of nations, the guns-and-butter—letters. They are always risky writing, for they do not have the steady rudder of formal language to guide us safely into the harbour of refinement. However, they must be written, or you'll feel just awful for months afterward.

The easiest kind of informal note to write is the ordinary thank-you note for a gift received. The rule here is to say exactly what the gift means to you and then stop before you say something really heartfelt. The following is a perfect illustration:

> Dear Russia,
>
> To think of your sending us all those wonderful jet planes. They're perfect, just what we always wanted. The Sudan, Syria, Libya—gosh, just about all of us here in the U.A. of R.—can't thank you enough. Goodness, but they look so nice and neat sitting on our airfields. It seems a pity to have to put them in the air when we launch our attack on Israel.
>
> Egypt

Notice how the informality of the language conveys an impression of sincere sentiment. The same facade of genuineness is conveyed differently by this next note thanking another nation for the same type of gift:

> Dear United States,
>
> When the delivery man arrived with all those mysterious-looking crates, I had no idea of what to expect. What a wonderful surprise it was, then, to open them and find your gift of jet planes inside. How very thoughtful of you! I was so excited that I had to try them out right away on a whole airfield of parked MIGs next door in Egypt. We crushed them all! Shalom.
>
> Israel

Under no circumstances must you show the slightest dissatisfaction with a gift nor even suggest that it may not be perfect for you. If it isn't, avoid the issue delicately or lie truthfully:

> Dear Communist China,
>
> I must say that I was fascinated by your recent gift of warships and merchant vessels. To be honest, I had never thought of myself as a sea power before, but how right you are to suggest it! To my east is the Pacific and to my west, the Atlantic. All that stands between me and these great bodies of water are Chile, Peru, Paraguay and Brazil. But with your gift as a spur, I shall enter negotiations for the thousand or so miles of access road through these countries and look forward to the day when I shall no longer be a land-locked nation. Many thanks,
>
> Bolivia
>
> P.S. The first shipment—forgive the pun—has just been flown in and everyone comments upon the wonderful destroyer listing to the right of her airstrip.

Thus, a delicately worded informal note makes an unfortunate choice of gift seem a triumph of thoughtfulness and probably avoids an international incident in the process. Etiquette triumphs again.

Informal notes of thanks are also necessary after a visit of some kind. Remember, an awkwardly written note is better than none at all. But how to thank a nation properly without overdoing it is always the problem. A reliable solution is to select some of the highlights of the visit and make them the basis of your note:

> Dear Czechoslovakia,
>
> You are indeed such a wonderful host. I don't know when I enjoyed a visit more. All the activities you planned were truly wonderful also, from the taunting of my troops to the massive resistance in Wenceslaus Square. I had such a good time and hope you cause another opportunity for me to come back again.
>
> Russia

There! That wasn't so difficult, was it! The courtesy of a thank-you note is a must, whether the nation has dropped in unexpectedly or was invited unintentionally. Also appreciated, though by no means expected, is a thoughtful little note from a host nation to a guest telling her that the visit was, indeed, pleasant:

> *Dear United States,*
>
> *How nice of you to drop in on me like that last month. What a surprise to see you marching into my front yard. Knowing what a busy schedule you have made seeing you all the more thrilling. Do come again and bring your friend South Vietnam. I so enjoyed meeting her even though she ran like a shy maiden the moment we met.*
>
> *Cambodia*

Letters of condolence and sympathy are always the most difficult notes to write. Like all informal notes, they tend to become embarrassingly human in tone, something which should be avoided at all costs. Still, it is possible to achieve a heartfelt and sincere sentiment without ever getting involved. Just remember the three E's: Emotion is the Enemy of Etiquette, especially (make that *four* E's) when writing letters of condolence. Remember, keep your comments to the barest minimum:

> *Dear Pakistan,*
>
> *What a shock to hear of your recent loss. Bangla Desh was such a nice piece of territory and it will be sorely missed so young it was, and now it's gone. They say it was a case of self-determination or something of the sort. I do hope it isn't contagious.*
>
> *China*

Sometimes you may have to express sympathy for an unfortunate situation but one that isn't fatal. Just follow the same procedure but in a lighter vein:

> *Dear West Germany,*
>
> *When I first heard of your unfortunate split-up with East Germany I was stunned. To think that such a wall of hate could have built up between you two lovebirds! And after all these years. Well, you can take some consolation in the knowledge that you're not alone. North and South Korea are having their troubles—a big scandal with that separation, I bet—and there's rumor that the Vietnams (also North and South) might be in for a bad time of it. If there's anything I can do let me know. Perhaps you'd like to meet someone new? Southern France? Central Switzerland? I'll be glad to make the arrangements.*
>
> *Portugal*

In a situation as potentially messy as the above, the socially correct nation never takes sides. Notes should be written to both parties, no matter who's at fault. Brief notes of thoughtful sympathy need not have such a tragic underpinning, however. Always appreciated is a friendly little card simply to let a nation know you care:

> *My dear Britain,*
>
> *So sorry to hear of the dreadful fall your pound incurred recently. With best wishes for a speedy recovery,*
>
> *France*

Earlier in this chapter we covered some limited uses of the formal note. Few people or nations realize, however, that despite its strict wording, the formal note is nevertheless very versatile and can be used in a variety of ways. No matter what the situation, formal notes will never let you down. For instance, you can announce a new arrival formally:

> THE CONTINENT OF AFRICA
> PROUDLY ANNOUNCES THE BIRTH OF
> CHAD
> 495,752 Square Miles
>
> BOTH COUNTRY AND ECONOMY ARE DOING FINE.

How nice to receive notice of such a joyous occasion, and the formal note handles it nicely—so much more so than those dreadful little messages in which the new nation's outline is drawn on a card and depicted as coyly saying, "Ready or not, here I am," or something of the sort. However, if the arrival is not new or once belonged to someone else, the circumstances should be noted as subtly as possible:

> The People's Republic of China
> Have Much Happiness to Announce
> Adoption of
> Tibet.
> Age, 1,523 Years

You'd be surprised at how many different situations the formal note is suited to:

> *The Imperial German Navy*
> *Requests the Pleasure of the Company*
> *Of the Passengers and Crew of the Lusitania*
> *In the Freezing Waters of the North Atlantic*
> *Following a Special Preview*
> *Of Unrestricted Submarine Warfare.*

> *The Republic of Vietnam*
> *Cordially Invites*
> *The United States of America*
> *To a Demonstration of Vietnamization*
> *At the DMZ.*

Now let's move on to certain deviations from the basic form. In the case of multiple invitations and/or announcements, that is, when two or more countries share an event (perhaps to defray its cost), than the country within whose boundaries the affair is to take place appears first:

> CAMBODIA,
> THE REPUBLIC OF VIETNAM, AND
> THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
> REQUEST THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY
> AT AN INCURSION,
> MONDAY,
> MAY 9, 1970.

When specific individuals are responsible for an event, their names and the national organizations they represent should appear first, followed by the names of their countries or whatever:

> *Melvin Laird*
> *And the Department of Defense*
> *Of the United States of America*
> *Request the Pleasure of Your Infantry Companies*
> *At a Blatant Circumvention*
> *Of Congressional Intent*
> *At the Laotian Border.*

> *General Idi Amin*
> *And the Republic of Uganda*
> *Cordially Invite All Citizens of Asian Descent*
> *To a Going-Out Party*
> *In Honor of Their Departure.*
> *Uganda Airport,*
> *November 8, 1972.*
> *There Will Be a Mass Arrest Following the Ceremonies for Those Wishing to Stay.*

General John D. Lavelle
And the Seventh Air Force
Of the United States of America
Invite You to a Serious Violation of the Rules of
Engagement Over North Vietnam

The Second Deputy Assistant to the Associate Secretary of Defense
Cordially Invites the Army of the Republic of South Vietnam
To Participate in a Shameful Rout
at the Laotian Border

Events sponsored by an organization within a country use the same formal announcement with the host organization's name appearing first:

The Central Intelligence Agency
Of the United States of America
Requests the Pleasure of Your Company
April 17, 1961,
At a Fiasco
At the Bay of Pigs,
Cuba.

When an affair's date or place must be changed after the invitations have been sent out, a formal notification should be sent as soon as possible. Be sure to state the reason for the delay or change and restate the original event, time, place, etcetera. Busy nations can't keep track of everything on their social calendars, and so the courteous change of notice serves to remind them:

DUE TO AN UNEXPECTED SURPRISE NEAR NORMANDY,
GERMANY'S PLANNED TAKE-OVER OF THE WORLD
HAS BEEN TEMPORARILY POSTPONED.

Owing to a Miscalculation,
The Demonstration of Vietnamization
Due to Occur at the DMZ
Will Now Take Place
Further South
Maybe
At a Later Date

Yes, what a comfort it is to know that other countries will be gracious enough to notify you in enough time to make other plans, should a war or revolution fail to materialize. It would be bad form to do otherwise.

Now let's discuss a broader range of formal notes, specifically, the different kinds of acceptable cards one nation can send another. The simple card with an embossed name and the details written in serves as a very agreeable invitation:

Saturdays: June, July, August 1964
To See Our New Mercenaries
In Action

THE CONGO

R.S.V.P. Katanga

There is very little to find wrong with such an elegant and presentable invitation. However, this type of formal card should be used only for modest events that do not exceed a few hundred thousand casualties.

Answer Cards

Unfortunately, the custom of sending "answer cards" with invitations to invasions, police actions, wars, etcetera, is too widespread to be ignored. It originated out of sheer necessity because many countries appeared at the events without having answered the invitation. Today, with many conflicts lasting longer than the decent space of three or four years, the host country must know how many tanks, guns, planes, and other paraphernalia to order. Thus was born the answer card:

☐ accepts Japan
☑ regrets

Korean Conflict
Thirty-eighth Parallel

Actually, the proper formula for sending your regrets to a host country is as follows:

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
REGRETS THAT SHE IS UNABLE TO ACCEPT
THE KIND INVITATION OF
GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND ISRAEL
TO PARTICIPATE IN
THE SUEZ CRISIS
DURING 1956.

Finally, and we always save the best wine for last (a lovely custom established by a famous social arbiter of the past), we reach the ultimate in formal cards: the embossed, engraved, handwoven, delicately textured, exquisite formal-card for events of special prominence in the international social-whirl. These cards are not to be used lightly, for they suggest that a truly significant event is to be expected.

IRELAND
HAS THE HONOUR TO EXTEND TO
THE REST OF THE WORLD
AN INVITATION TO OBSERVE
A FESTIVAL OF RIOTING AND BLOODSHED
FOR THE 1971-1972 SEASON.

The Soviet Union
Requests the Pleasure of the Company of
All Its Jews
At a General Persecution
(International Opinion Permitting).

THE UNITED STATES
WISHES TO ANNOUNCE
A POLICY OF POINTLESS REVENGE
UPON NORTH VIETNAM
FOR TRYING TO WIN A WAR.

There is simply no limit to the number of events in international relations that can be handled in a polite, formal manner by countries that have the taste to use diplomatic etiquette and the ingenuity and inventiveness to adapt the basic principles of formal communication to their own particular needs. Etiquette is infinitely adaptable. In closing, I have listed a few particularly effective notes, chosen at random just to show the wide range of styles available and the effectiveness of the formal communication when used properly. In the final analysis, any nation's social standing in the world ultimately rests on those dedicated public-servants in foreign offices, State Departments, and External Affairs Ministries whose commitment to the art of diplomatic communication has gone so far toward making our world a civilized place in which to live, or die, as the case may be.

Señor Martin Bormann,
Formerly of the S.S. of Nazi Germany,
Regrets That He Will Be Unable to Attend
The Allied War Crimes Trial
In Nuremberg
And the Execution Following Sentencing,
Due to an Illness or Pressing Business—
He Can't Remember Which—
But Wishes to Assure You of His Deepest Regards
And to Inform You That He Was Only Following Orders
And Was Asleep During Most of the War
Anyway.

The Soviet Socialist Republics
Cordially Invite the People of Hungary
To Welcome the Liberating Red Army
On Its Entrance into Budapest
Or to Get Shot in the Head About Five Times
And Dumped in an Unmarked Grave
In a Cellar Somewhere.

The United States of America
Invites the Japanese Empire
To a Fireball
Over One of its Cities
Sometime in August, 1945.
R.I.P. Die as you are.

☐

continued from page 46

"About pennies, she argues," Mr. Wapnarsky told a cockroach. "*Shikses!*"

"No arguments today," the doughty girl persisted. "In fact, I'm here to *buy* part of Jim's present. Mr. Wapnarsky, give me three pounds of your best calves' liver, and gift wrap it, please."

When Della arrived home, she hid the vibrators in the cupboard and the liver in the refrigerator. Then she studied the stubbled remnant of her poor, lost pussy. "Jim will kill me," she thought. "My five o'clock shadow will scratch his proud pee-pee to shreads." Poking through the medicine cabinet, she found Jim's shaving brush, mug, and razor, and repaired the pubic carnage as best she could. "Please, God," she thought, "let him still find me pretty."

She had scarcely finished when the door opened and Jim walked in. He looked very young and serious. Poor fellow. Only twenty-two—and already saddled with a wife to support. He needed a new overcoat and was without gloves.

Jim saw Della and stopped. A peculiar expression came over his face.

Della, her bloomers still about her ankles, covered the distance to Jim in several small, clumsy leaps. "Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my bush cut off because I couldn't bear the thought of Christmas without a present for you. It'll grow out fast, though, you watch. Say 'Merry Christmas' and let's be happy. Wait till you see the beautiful gift you're getting."

"You've cut off your pussy," said Jim stupidly.

"Cut it off and sold it," she replied. "Don't you like me anyway? I'm still me without my pussy, aren't I?"

"You say you've . . . sold your pubic hair?" Jim's eyes seemed glassy.

"Yes, sold it. And spent the money on you. So, please, Jim, let's not worry about it anymore."

Suddenly, Jim snapped out of his stupor. He rushed to Della and enfolded her in his arms. He was laughing. Drawing a package from his overcoat pocket, he tossed it on the table.

"Oh, I'm not worrying about it," he said. "And I certainly love you no less for the lack of a bush. His laughter got the better of him again. Controlling it with difficulty, he managed to say, "If you'll open that package, you'll understand why I'm laughing."

Della's fingers fairly flew as she tore the wrapping from the package. Then a scream of great joy. Then silence and a rueful look at her scrantz. Then a moan of comprehension.

In the package lay The Comb, the same comb Della had admired by the hour in the display window of Spector's Drugstore. It was an Ace Special, long and black and made of good hard rubber. It was, in fact, the perfect instrument for grooming the full, golden bush she no longer had.

But it must have been so *expensive*. Della wondered briefly where Jim had gotten the money, but then had a new thought. She hadn't given Jim *his* present yet.

"Jim," she cooed, "I'm going to give you *your* present now. Go to the bedroom and undress. Lie down on the bed. I'll join you in a second."

Jim digested this directive, seemingly about to say something, but then turned and walked silently into the bedroom, his hands fumbling with his belt buckle. As soon as he had disappeared from sight, Della sprang to the cupboard and pulled the gaily wrapped package from its spot behind the percolator. Quickly unwrapping it, she took the two gleaming vibrators from their nest of excelsior and plugged them into a wall socket on long extension cords.

Next she went to the refrigerator and removed the liver. Selecting two juicy slabs, she opened the oven and popped them in to warm. When she took them out, they were very juicy and slippery. She fastened the vibrators to her hands, took a slab of liver in each palm, and pressed the "ON" buttons with her pert nose.

The vibrators shivered into life, and the surface of the liver rippled like a lake on a windy day. Della ran into the bedroom, straight to the shabby bed, and smashed the vibrating beef vitals together like a pair of cymbals about her husband's penis.

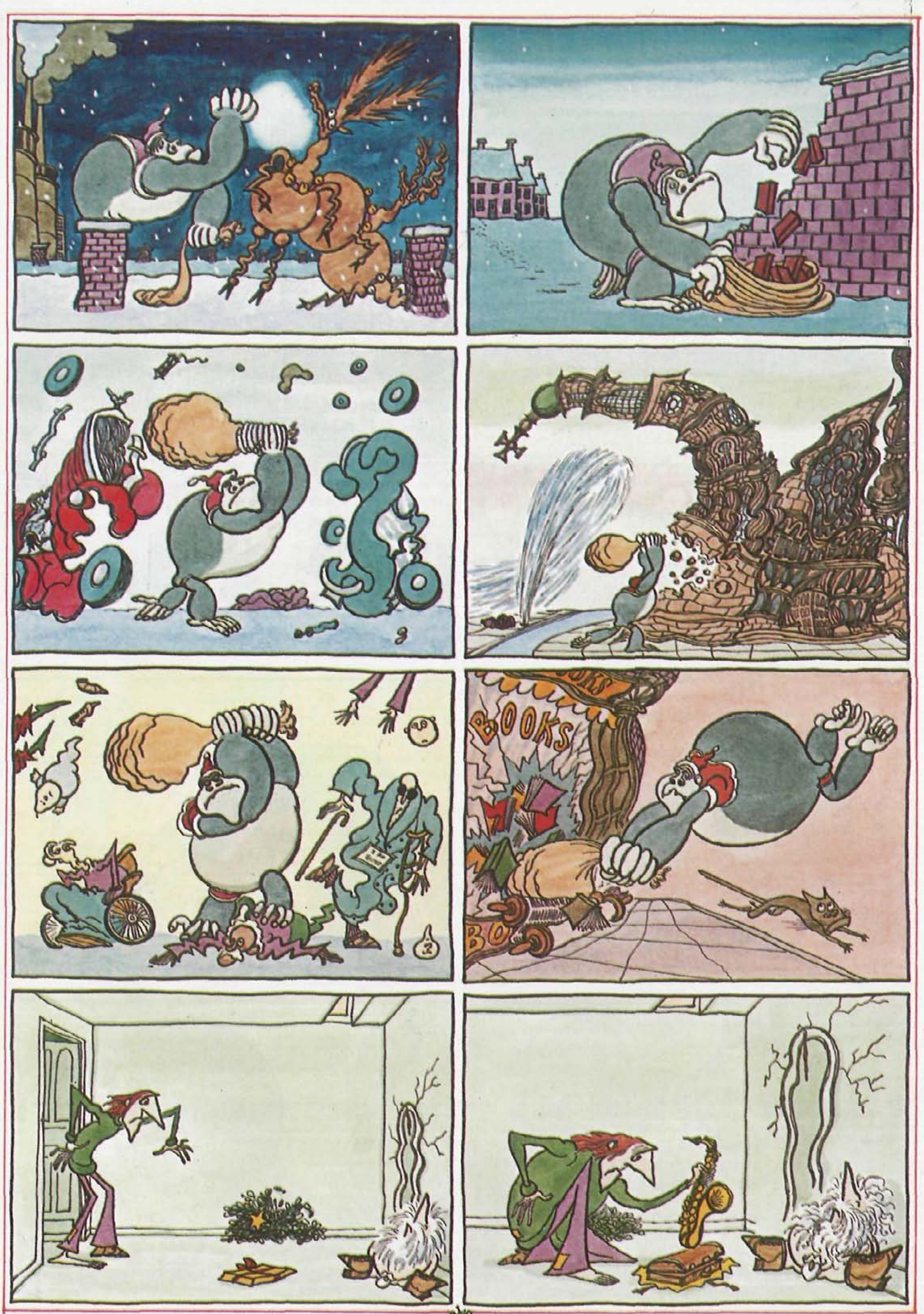
Watching eagerly, she waited for his enormous erection to form. But something was wrong. Jim's cock was unchanged. It jiggled insipidly between her hands, flaccid as a sleeping snake. Della looked up to find Jim laughing again.

"You see, Della, I needed money too, for *your* present. So today, during lunch hour, I payed a visit to the sperm bank. They've got this machine there, sort of like a milking machine, and they put your dong into it. You wouldn't believe it, but they can actually get a pint out of you." He paused. "Anyway, I'm not going to be able to get an erection for a month. But I did get enough for my come to buy you a comb!" He collapsed in laughter once again.

Della also began to laugh. Switching off the vibrators and laying them on the shabby night table, she held her sides and roared. What an absurd outcome this was!

They both laughed for a good long time. Then Della looked up at her husband and said, "You know, honey, sometimes you really are a shmuck." □


XMAS TREES
ARNOLD ROTH'S
SILENT PICTURES PRESENT
A CHRISTMAS TALE


BOOKS




THE
END

TV Shows My Network Would Run

by Ed Bluestone

IT COULD HAVE BEEN YOU

Sybil Leek and Joyce Brothers take everyday people back to the negative turning points in their lives. This unique series combines magnetic drama and a plea for self-protective vigilance into poignant essays on the volatile nature of human vulnerability.

On a typical show, Sybil's crystal screen takes John Asher, a plumber from New Jersey, back to December 25, 1960. The Asher family is seen walking through a howling blizzard on their way to Christmas dinner at John's mother's house. Upon stepping out into the storm, Asher had refused to spend cab fare and had insisted that his family endure a "short walk in the snow." As the critical moment approaches, Dr. Brothers explains how Asher's excessive frugality became the determining psychological factor of the accident in which a skidding car killed all three Asher children and left Mrs. Asher paralyzed.

Then Sybil proceeds to show Mr. Asher simulated tapes depicting how fruitful a life lay ahead of him before faulty karma altered his fate. Included are such potentially memorable events as the children's high-school graduations and the now ironic sight of Mrs. Asher tap-dancing at a Muscular Dystrophy benefit.

All guests receive an invaluable *collection of crystal-screen tapes simulating Miss Leek's predicted future negative turning-points in their lives and a copy of Joyce Brothers's newest guide to living, When Tragedy Strikes, Hegel Becomes My Savior.*

A GLIMPSE OF GRANT

Based on the obscure historical fact that Ulysses S. Grant possessed an obsessive fear of exposing his body to other males, this delightful half-hour series presents the whacky exploits of Peter and Randy, two audacious privates determined to see their general in the raw. A high point of one hilarious episode takes place as Grant prepares for a bath while our two inept heroes stand outside his tent observing him through periscopes. Just as the underpants of the pride of the Union Army are about to come off, an escaping Confederate prisoner runs by and gooses Randy, who falls forward, collapsing the tent on himself, Peter, and the astonished general! And that's only one riotous sight-gag out of thousands from what's sure to become the "Hogan's Heroes" of gay Civil War buffs.



TWO-WAY TELEVISION

Featuring the unique experience of spending two hours watching people who're watching you, this daring concept of televised "nontelevision" transcends passive viewing and finally *brings "reciprocatory passivity" into* its own. The idea is to deal with the discomforts of staring at total strangers in reciprocation to their own discomforting stares. A disturbing belltone helps keep your mind on the annoying activity to which both parties are succumbing for no reason at all. This could be the long-awaited innovation which separates television's true lovers from its fair-weather friends.

STAMP UNTO MY FEET

Father Thomas Carlson, one of the great television clergymen of all time, absolves the wicked of their sins by stamping on their bare feet. Tense true-life dramas unfold as Father Carlson hears "open confessions" and viewers endure the suspense of sinners waiting to find out how many stamps will be deemed the necessary price of their absolution.

A pathetic tale of a misspent life has been told; the humble priest closes his eyes, begins to sweat, screams at the top of his lungs, and suddenly, with soul-singer abandon, wails out the divinely inspired number, "Ninety-three on Each Foot!" The lowly sinner knows that he must now bare his feet as Father Carlson bows his head, looks down at his size 15 oxford wing-tips, and prays for no permanent damage.

DEATH-ROW ANALYST

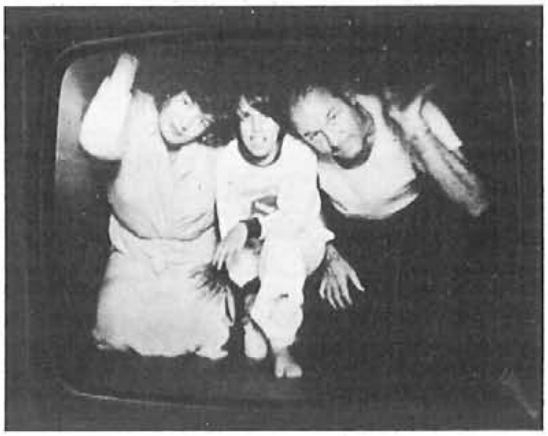
Psychiatrist Clinton Wells fights against time and mental illness as he psychoanalyzes condemned convicts, many of whom don't even have a subconscious. Each episode is based on the actual case-histories of a doctor whose identity must remain a secret from the prison authorities who think he's a Catholic priest.

Many of Dr. Wells's patients receive shock therapy right up until it's time to be electrocuted, but his archrival, Warden Barkley, never suspects why his prized "chair of punishment" has been short-circuiting itself. One touching drama involves a seventy-six-year-old murderess whom Dr. Wells befriends, along the way managing to convince his trusted admirer, Governor Walcott, to grant the spinster a stay of execution until the most painful part of her analysis is over. Wells has resigned himself to failure as he watches his patient strapped into the chair after three months of unproductive therapy. Then the big gamble of extending a killer's life pays off as the old woman blurts out details of a long-suppressed childhood sex act just as the switch is pulled.

Dr. Wells sums up his philosophy in the weekly epilogue when he takes an effortless drag on his Tiparillo and muses, "A man must be emotionally

continued

photos by Bruce Bacon



continued

mature at the end in order to feel remorse."

THIS WAS YOUR LIFE

What are television cameras doing in a funeral parlor? That man behind the coffin looks awfully familiar. I wonder why he's carrying a big leather-bound book. Everyone seems to be straightening his tie or putting on her makeup. Why, it's Ralph Edwards and "This Was Your Life"!

And that's how you reproduce a hit series for half of its original budget. Friends and relatives have already been flown in at their own expense. Limousines are on the family. The deceased is no longer an AFTRA member entitled to $390 a show. It's almost as if our program were in the subject's will.

The show's human-interest angle should blossom fully without that sickening patronage which bogged down the original version. A wife leans on her spouse's casket and comments, "Frankly, Ralph, he was the *lowest* . . . a multimillionaire, and when the kids brought a stray puppy home, he'd sell it to a pharmaceutical company."

SPORTS INJURIES IN DEPTH

Directed toward fans who are sick of newscasters who tersely dismiss a great star's injury in one sentence, this harvest of information includes video-tape replays of the injury as it occurred; every X-ray ever taken; testimony from doctors, trainers, nurses, and hospital attendants; analysis of all medication used; and a detailed medical-history of the injured, his family, and teammates who have suffered similar injuries and may have participated in cathartic discussions with the featured invalid.

Each ninety-minute episode culminates in a confrontation between the disabled star and the athlete who injured him. Should an unbiased jury of soccer coaches decide that the injury was unavoidable, the athlete who inflicted it receives a new car. But should the injury be judged avoidable, the two athletes must marry. All injuries are rated on the Pain-O-Meter, putting their owners in the running for the monthly grand-prize of a thirty-thousand-seat stadium—land not included.

The competitive aspects of the show are merely intended as comic relief from the important tasks of presenting injuries in their full scope and letting the public know that their athletes are well cared for.

THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY HOUR

The world's longest artificial seaway now becomes the first body of water to host its own variety show. A casual cocktail-atmosphere enables St. Lawrence to relax behind its million-ton desk-dam and trade quips with its affable second-banana, Karakumskiy Kanal, the longest irrigation canal ever to get "so drunk, it had to hold on to 546 miles for dear life." Aided by the flowing sounds of the Seaway Hour's Lock and Channel Band, St. Lawrence plays host to such personalities as Lake Erie, the legendary San Francisco Bay, and comedian Moody River.

DEATH OF A THOROUGHBRED

Share the pathos of prized racing-horses' last minutes of life. Taped at stables around the United States, each episode brings you the cathartic glory of a great horse meeting his maker. Jockeys, trainers, and (especially) female owners weep shamelessly as the last neighs are bellowed, noble legs twitch frenetically, and a once-arrogant tail becomes motionless. Now the hooves must be opened in search of a will, and the tragic news passed on to those who loved him—the compulsive gamblers who will line up to pet a great athelete good-bye as his body hangs from meat hooks, competitors anxious for a last sniff of his posterior, and finally the scratch-sheet editors who offer such spontaneous eulogies as, "In his time, he earned $7 million, but he never acted as if he were anything more than a carnival pony who got lucky."

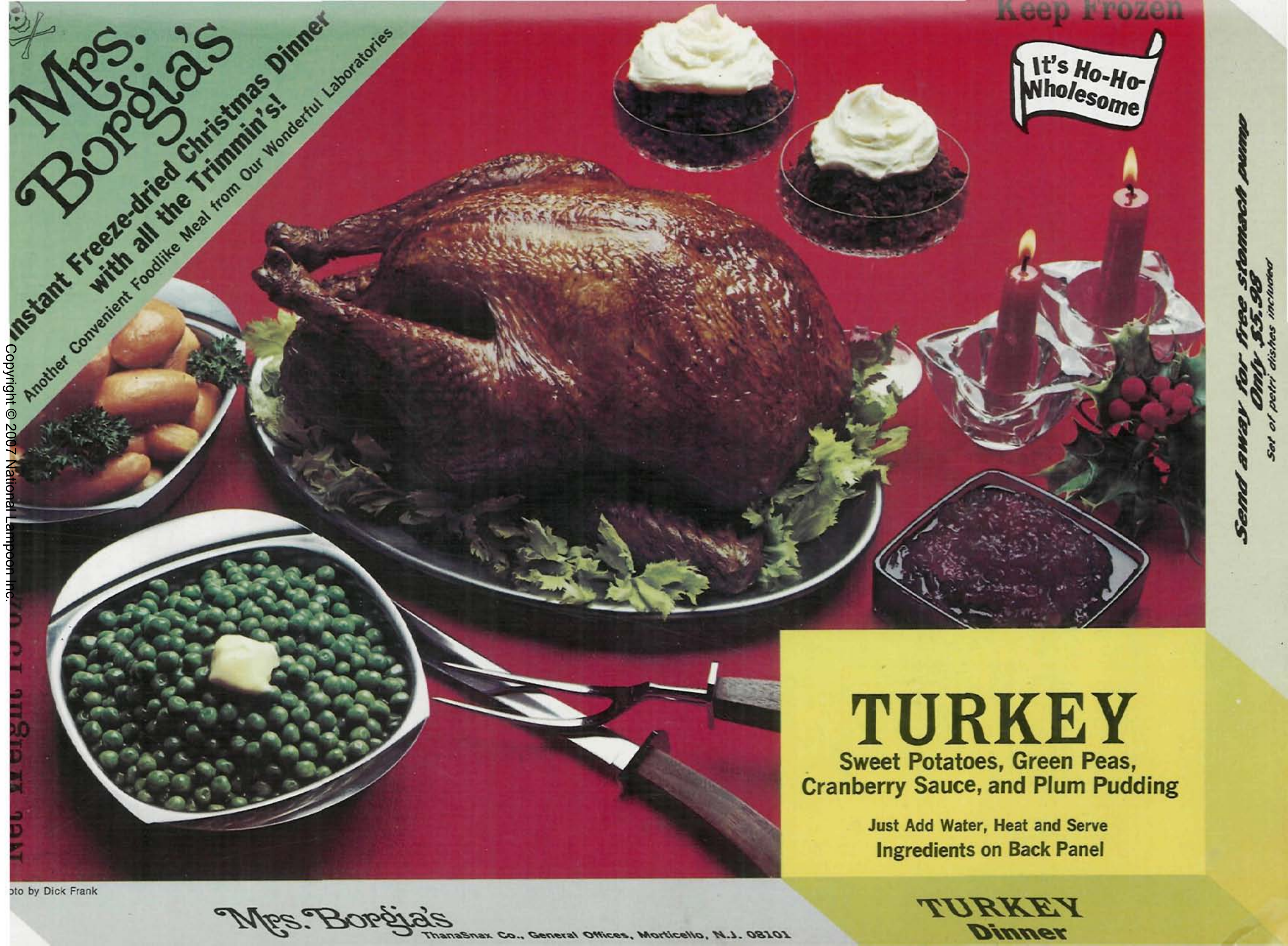
SWIMMING AGAINST THE TAO

Buddhist monk Seisetsu Obaku emcees television's first Zen quiz-show. Unenlightened contestants from all walks of life are told that they must accomplish famous Zen feats such as drinking cinder blocks, evoking tears from a pebble, and sleeping in the mouth of a cockroach. Yet the promise of a new Rolls-Royce keeps the student-contestant wrestling with his problem until he ultimately decides . . . not to try! . . . at which point, Seisetsu showers the new Buddha with an array of beautifully intangible gifts, which includes a two-year supply of random chaos, the Eastern Wind, complete understanding of confusion, and, finally, lifetime access to Nature as a source of inspired haiku-writing.

VALUE JUDGMENT

Here's the show that gives you a qualitative rating for every conceivable movement or thought that human beings are capable of. After years of intensive research, the producers of "Value Judgment" have determined that there are 1,138,988 possible human endeavors. This field of behavior includes everything from manipulating a goat's genitals to daydreaming about Eveready Batteries. A guest panel of accepted authorities (people who are either famous or hold a Ph.D.) makes eight value judgments on each half-hour segment. This gives the panel nearly three and one-half minutes to deliberate before deciding that something is either "good" or "bad."

All value judgments are entered into the program log, which is scheduled for publication under the title "A Box Score of God's Mind." Taking comprehensive notes on every program can save viewers big money when the major religions begin to initiate compulsory ownership of the wisdom contained in this expensive volume. □



oto by Dick Frank

Send away for free stomach pump
Only $5.98
Set of petri dishes included



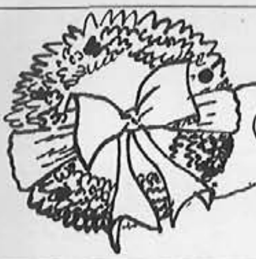
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hypophosphite, Mannitol, Methionine hydroxy analogue, D-pantothenyl alcohol, Phenylalanine, Pyridoxine hydrochloride, Threonine, Tocopherol acetate, Tryptophane, Zinc stereate, Dipotassium phosphate, Monoisopropyl citrate, Stearyl citrate, Agar-agar, Ammonium alginate, Chondrus extract, Ghatti gum, Sterculia gum, Tragacanth, Aluminum ammonium sulfate, Ammonium hydroxide, Bentonite, Butane, Carnauba wax, Destrans, Ethyl formate, Glutamic acid hydrochloride, Glyceryl monostearate, Helium, Hydrochloric acid, Hydrogen peroxide, Methylcellulose, Monopotassium glutamate, Nitrous oxide, Phosphoric acid, Potassium bicarbonate, Propane, Propylene glycol, Rennet, Silica aerogel, Sulfuric acid, Triethyl citrate, Acetaldehyde, Aconitic acid, Anethole, Benzaldehyde, N-butyric acid, Citral, Decanal, Diacetyl, Ethyl acetate, Geranyl acetate, Glycerol tributyrate, Linalool, Linalyl acetate, 3-Methyl-3-phenyl glycidic acid ethyl ester, Piperonal, Butylated hydroxyanisole, Dilauryl thiodipropionate, Nordihydroguairetic acid, 2,4,5-Trihydroxy butyrophenone, Propylparaben, Cobalt naphthenate, Iron caprylate, Tall oil, Acetyl tributyl citrate, Butylphthalyl butyl glycolate, 2-ethylhexyl phthalate, Diisobutyl phthalate, Diphenyl-2-ethylhexyl phosphate, Ethylphthalyl ethyl glycolate, Dimethylpolysiloxane, Calcium ricinoleate, Zinc orthophosphate, Melamine formaldehyde polymer, Disodium cyanodithioimidocarbamate, Nitrocellulose, Urea formaldehyde polymer, Vinylidine chlorides, Olefin polymers, Nylon resins, Terpene resins, Slimicides, 4-Hydroxymethyl-2,6-di-tert-butylphenol, Polystyrene, Plasticizers, Acrylamide-acrylic acid resins, Polyethylene glycol, N-ethyl-N-heptadecylfluorooctane sulfonyl glycine, Vinyl chloride-propylene copolymers, Fluorocarbon resins, Polyethylene terephthalate, Acrylate ester copolymers, 3,5-Dimethyl-1,3,5,2H-tetrahydrothiadiazine-2-thione, Copolymer of 1,4-cyclohexylene dimethylene isophthalate, Animal glue, Alkyl ketene dimers, Polyamide-epichlorohydrin resin, Tetrahydrofuran, Textryls, Melamine-formaldehyde resins, Perfluorocarbon resins, Isoparaffinic petroleum hydrocarbons, Xylene-formaldehyde resins condensed with 4,4′-isopropylidenediphenol-epichlorohydrin epoxy resins, Poly-1,4,7,10,13-pentaaza-15-hydroxyhexadecane, Styrene-divinylbenzene, Sodium pentaclorophenate, Octyltin stabilizers, Tetraethylene glycol 2-ethylhexoate, Styrene-methyl methacrylate copolymers, Polysulfone resins, Ethoxyquin, Maleic hydrazide, Polysorbate 80, Givverellic acid, Propylene glucol alginate, Acetylated monoglycerides, Inorganic bromides, Hydroxypropyl methylcellulose, Acetone peroxides, Hydroxylated lecithin, Sorbitan monosterate, Yellow prussiate of soda, Tetradifon, Trichloroethylene, Acetone, Hexane, Sorbitol, Silicon dioxide, Octafluorocyclobutane, Furcelleran, Hydrogen cyanide, Pyrethrins, Paraformaldehyde, Methyl chloride, Azodicarbonamide, Boiler water additives, Dehydroacetic acid, DDT, Sperm oil, Calcium lignosulfonate, Polyvinylpolypurrolidone, Xylitol, Mannitol, Polyacrylamide, Fumigants, Pteroylglutamic acid, M Dioctyl sodium sulfosuccinate, Aluminum nicotinate, Kelp, Rhizopus oryzae, Bacterial catalase, Arabinogalactan, Chloropentafluroethane, Toxaphene, Petroleum naptha, N-Octylbicycloheptane dicarboximide, 1-Methoxycarbonyl-1-propen-2-yl dimethylphosphate and its beta isomer, Phosalone, Trifluralin, Ethylene oxide, Dioxathion, Reserpine, Zoalene, Chlortetracycline, Novobiocin, Hygromycin B, Diethylcarbamazine, O,O-Diethyl S-2-(ethylthio) ethyl phopshorodithioate, Promazine hydrochloride, Ethyl cellulose, Diethylstilbestrol, Progesterone, Estradiol benzoate, Nitrofurazone, Oxytetracycline, Griseofulvin, Hexachlorophene, Phenothiazine, Sulfaethoxypyridazine, Buquinolate, Erythromycin thiocyanate, Sulfamethazine, O-O-diethyl O-3-chloro-4-methyl-2-oxo-2H-1-benzopyran-7-yl phosphorothioate, Melengestrol acetate, Sulfadimethoxine, Diatomaceous earth, Metoserpate hydrochloride, Clopidol, Oleandomycin, 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COMICS CODE 7th SEAL OF APPROVAL
SON-O'-GOD
COMICS
CHAP. XVII VERSES ii-xiv
KISS MY RING, YOU SELF-RIGHTEOUS CREEP!
SON-O'-GOD BATTLES HIS OLD ARCH-ENEMY ANTICHRIST!
FEATURING:
SATAN HIMSELF!!



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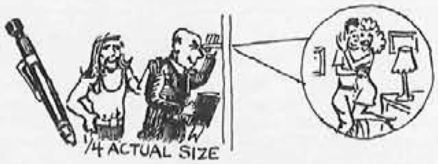
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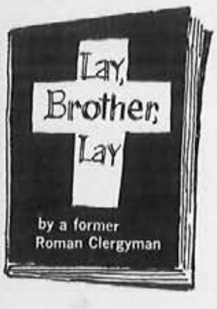
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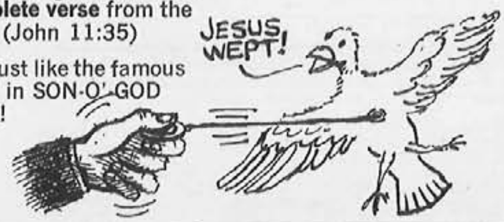
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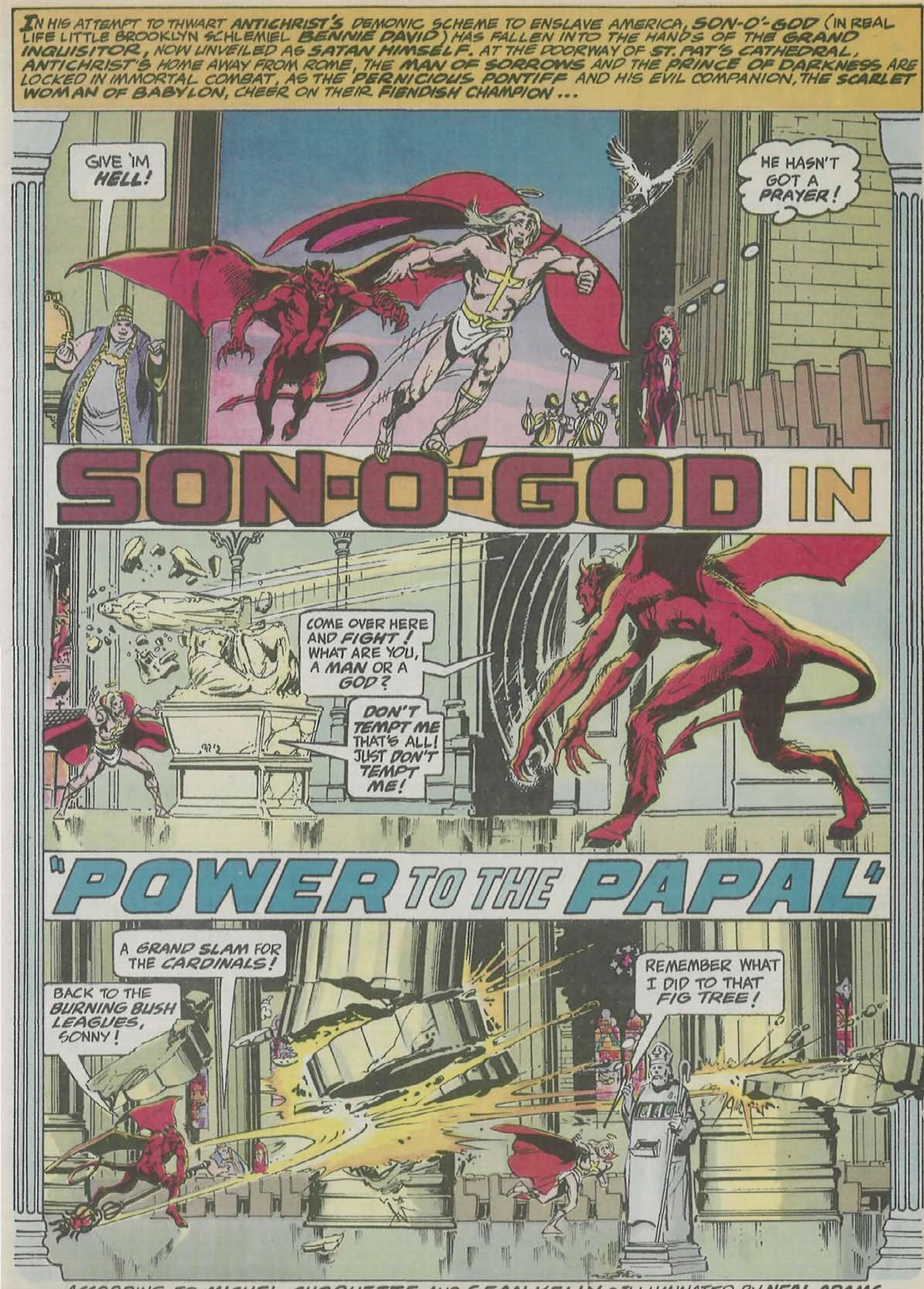
Talking Paraclete

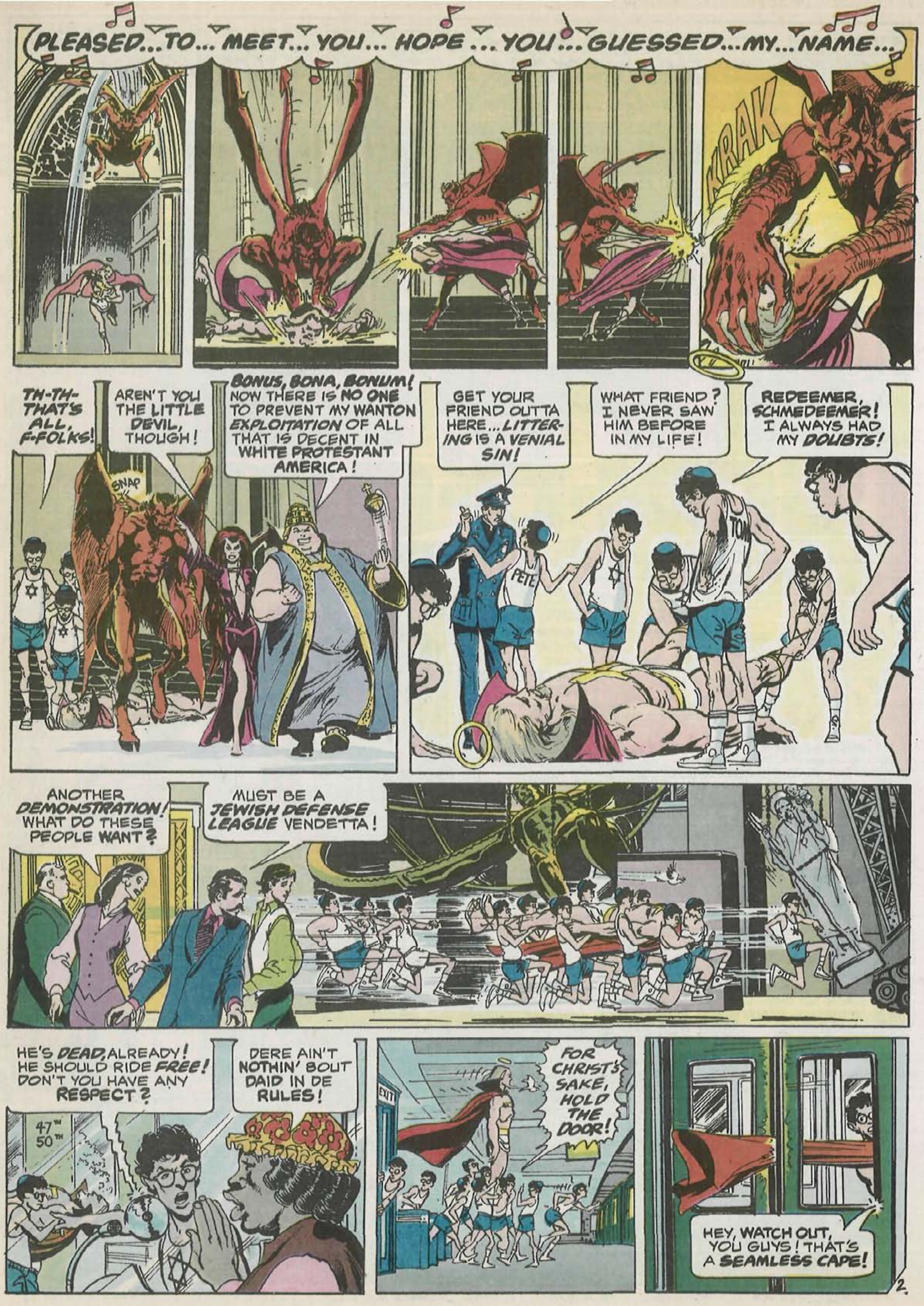
Pull the string and the *Bird* flaps its wings and recites a **complete verse** from the *Bible*!! (John 11:35)

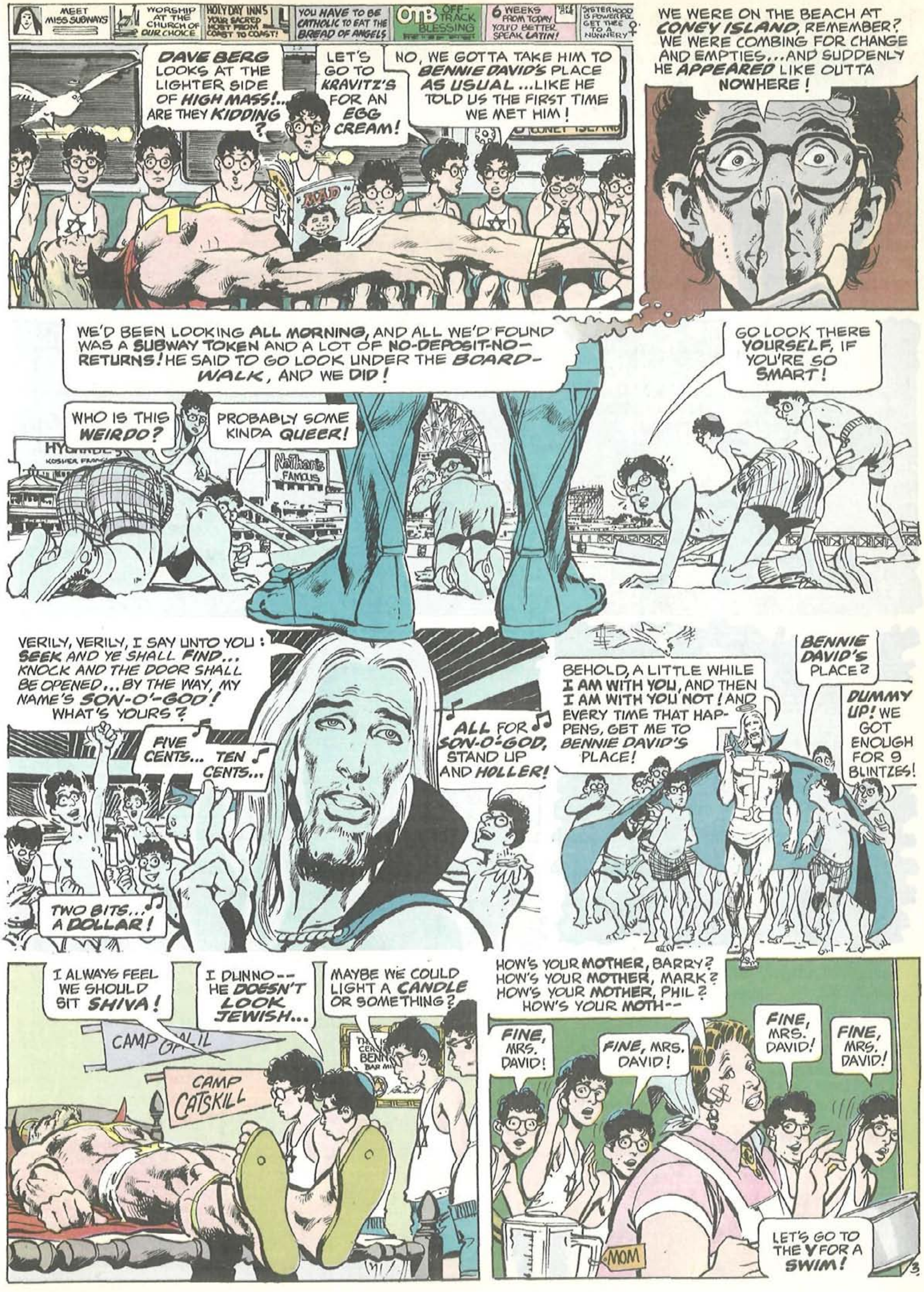
Looks just like the famous "H.G." in SON-O'-GOD Comics!



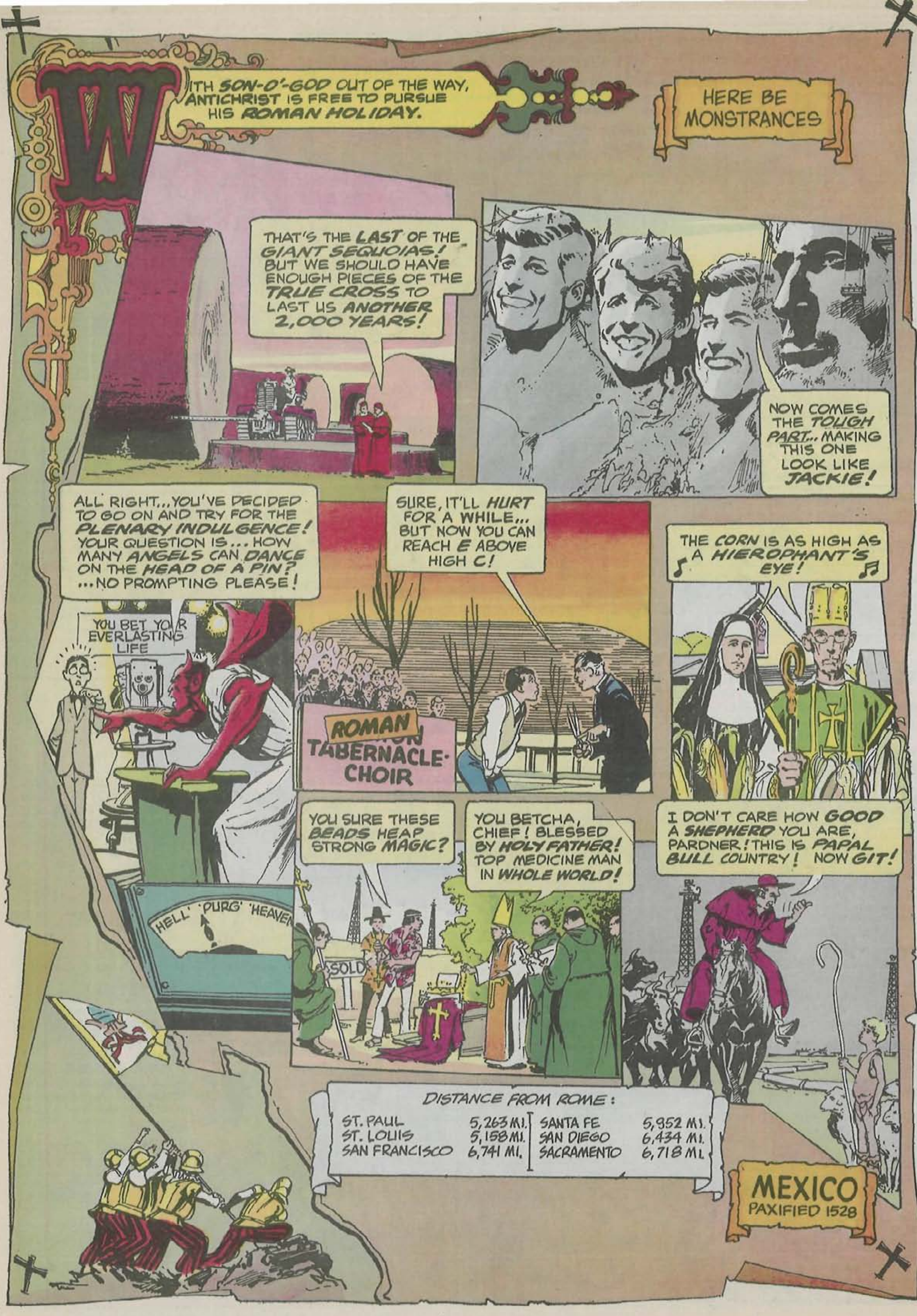
MAIL ORDERS FOR ALL ITEMS ON THIS PAGE TO: Free Enterprizes
Asherville, North Carolina
28806


IN HIS ATTEMPT TO THWART ANTICHRIST'S DEMONIC SCHEME TO ENSLAVE AMERICA, SON-O'-GOD (IN REAL LIFE LITTLE BROOKLYN SCHLEMIEL BENNIE DAVID) HAS FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF THE GRAND INQUISITOR, NOW UNVEILED AS SATAN HIMSELF. AT THE DOORWAY OF ST. PAT'S CATHEDRAL, ANTICHRIST'S HOME AWAY FROM ROME, THE MAN OF SORROWS AND THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS ARE LOCKED IN IMMORTAL COMBAT, AS THE PERNICIOUS PONTIFF AND HIS EVIL COMPANION, THE SCARLET WOMAN OF BABYLON, CHEER ON THEIR FIENDISH CHAMPION...
GIVE 'IM HELL!
HE HASN'T GOT A PRAYER!
SON-O'-GOD IN
COME OVER HERE AND FIGHT! WHAT ARE YOU, A MAN OR A GOD?
DON'T TEMPT ME THAT'S ALL! JUST DON'T TEMPT ME!
"POWER TO THE PAPAL"
A GRAND SLAM FOR THE CARDINALS!
BACK TO THE BURNING BUSH LEAGUES, SONNY!
REMEMBER WHAT I DID TO THAT FIG TREE!
ACCORDING TO MICHEL CHOQUETTE AND SEAN KELLY • ILLUMINATED BY NEAL ADAMS


PLEASED...TO...MEET...YOU...HOPE...YOU...GUESSED...MY...NAME...
KRAK
TH-TH-THAT'S ALL, F-FOLKS!
AREN'T YOU THE LITTLE DEVIL, THOUGH!
SNAP
BONUS, BONA, BONUM! NOW THERE IS NO ONE TO PREVENT MY WANTON EXPLOITATION OF ALL THAT IS DECENT IN WHITE PROTESTANT AMERICA!
GET YOUR FRIEND OUTTA HERE... LITTERING IS A VENIAL SIN!
WHAT FRIEND? I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE IN MY LIFE!
REDEEMER, SCHMEDEEMER! I ALWAYS HAD MY DOUBTS!
PETE
TOM
ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION! WHAT DO THESE PEOPLE WANT?
MUST BE A JEWISH DEFENSE LEAGUE VENDETTA!
HE'S DEAD, ALREADY! HE SHOULD RIDE FREE! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY RESPECT?
DERE AIN'T NOTHIN' BOUT DAID IN DE RULES!
47TH
50TH
EXIT
FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, HOLD THE DOOR!
HEY, WATCH OUT, YOU GUYS! THAT'S A SEAMLESS CAPE!
2.



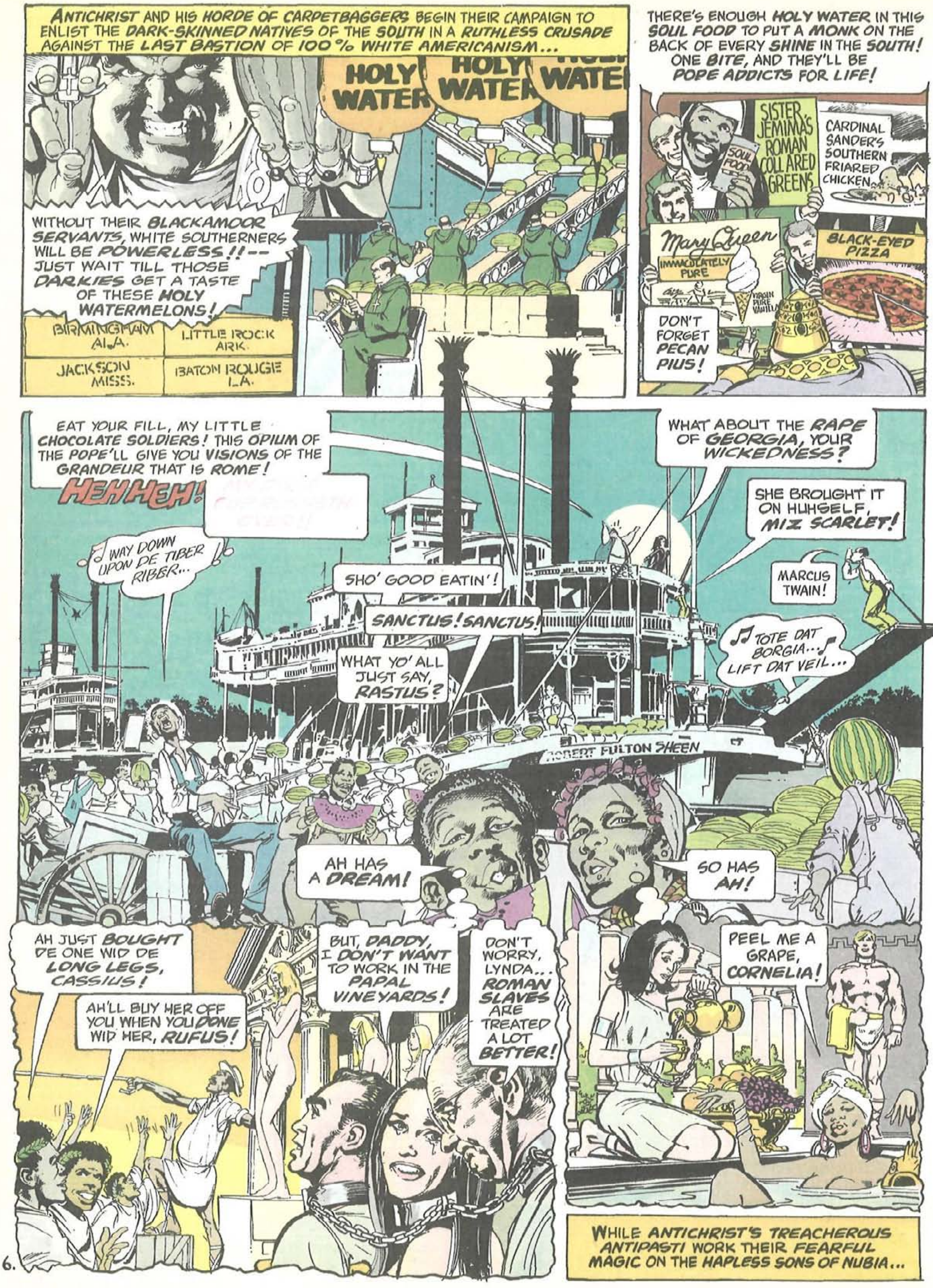
MEET MISS SUBWAYS
WORSHIP AT THE CHURCH OF OUR CHOICE
HOLY DAY INNS YOUR SACRED HOST FROM COAST TO COAST!
YOU HAVE TO BE CATHOLIC TO EAT THE BREAD OF ANGELS
OTB OFF-TRACK BLESSING
6 WEEKS FROM TODAY YOU'D BETTER SPEAK LATIN!
SISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL GET THEE TO A NUNNERY
DAVE BERG LOOKS AT THE LIGHTER SIDE OF HIGH MASS!... ARE THEY KIDDING?
LET'S GO TO KRAVITZ'S FOR AN EGG CREAM!
NO, WE GOTTA TAKE HIM TO BENNIE DAVID'S PLACE AS USUAL... LIKE HE TOLD US THE FIRST TIME WE MET HIM!
WE WERE ON THE BEACH AT CONEY ISLAND, REMEMBER? WE WERE COMBING FOR CHANGE AND EMPTIES... AND SUDDENLY HE APPEARED LIKE OUTTA NOWHERE!
WE'D BEEN LOOKING ALL MORNING, AND ALL WE'D FOUND WAS A SUBWAY TOKEN AND A LOT OF NO-DEPOSIT-NO-RETURNS! HE SAID TO GO LOOK UNDER THE BOARDWALK, AND WE DID!
GO LOOK THERE YOURSELF, IF YOU'RE SO SMART!
WHO IS THIS WEIRDO?
PROBABLY SOME KINDA QUEER!
NATHAN'S FAMOUS
VERILY, VERILY, I SAY UNTO YOU: SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND... KNOCK AND THE DOOR SHALL BE OPENED... BY THE WAY, MY NAME'S SON-O'-GOD! WHAT'S YOURS?
FIVE CENTS... TEN CENTS...
ALL FOR SON-O'-GOD, STAND UP AND HOLLER!
TWO BITS... A DOLLAR!
BEHOLD, A LITTLE WHILE I AM WITH YOU, AND THEN I AM WITH YOU NOT! AND EVERY TIME THAT HAPPENS, GET ME TO BENNIE DAVID'S PLACE!
BENNIE DAVID'S PLACE?
DUMMY UP! WE GOT ENOUGH FOR 9 BLINTZES!
I ALWAYS FEEL WE SHOULD SIT SHIVA!
I DUNNO-- HE DOESN'T LOOK JEWISH...
MAYBE WE COULD LIGHT A CANDLE OR SOMETHING?
CAMP CATSKILL
HOW'S YOUR MOTHER, BARRY? HOW'S YOUR MOTHER, MARK? HOW'S YOUR MOTHER, PHIL? HOW'S YOUR MOTH--
FINE, MRS. DAVID!
FINE, MRS. DAVID!
FINE, MRS. DAVID!
FINE, MRS. DAVID!
MOM
LET'S GO TO THE Y FOR A SWIM!
3

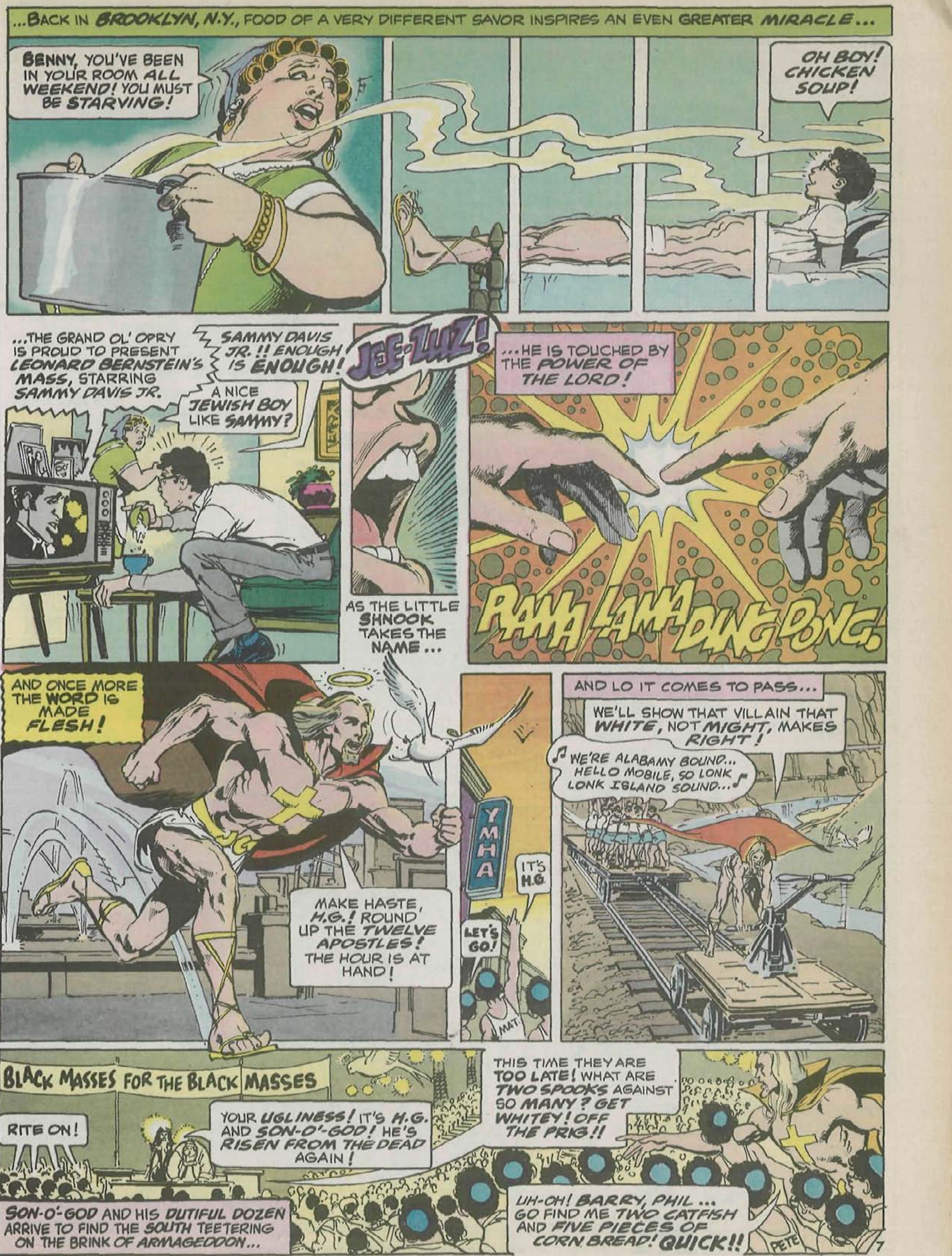


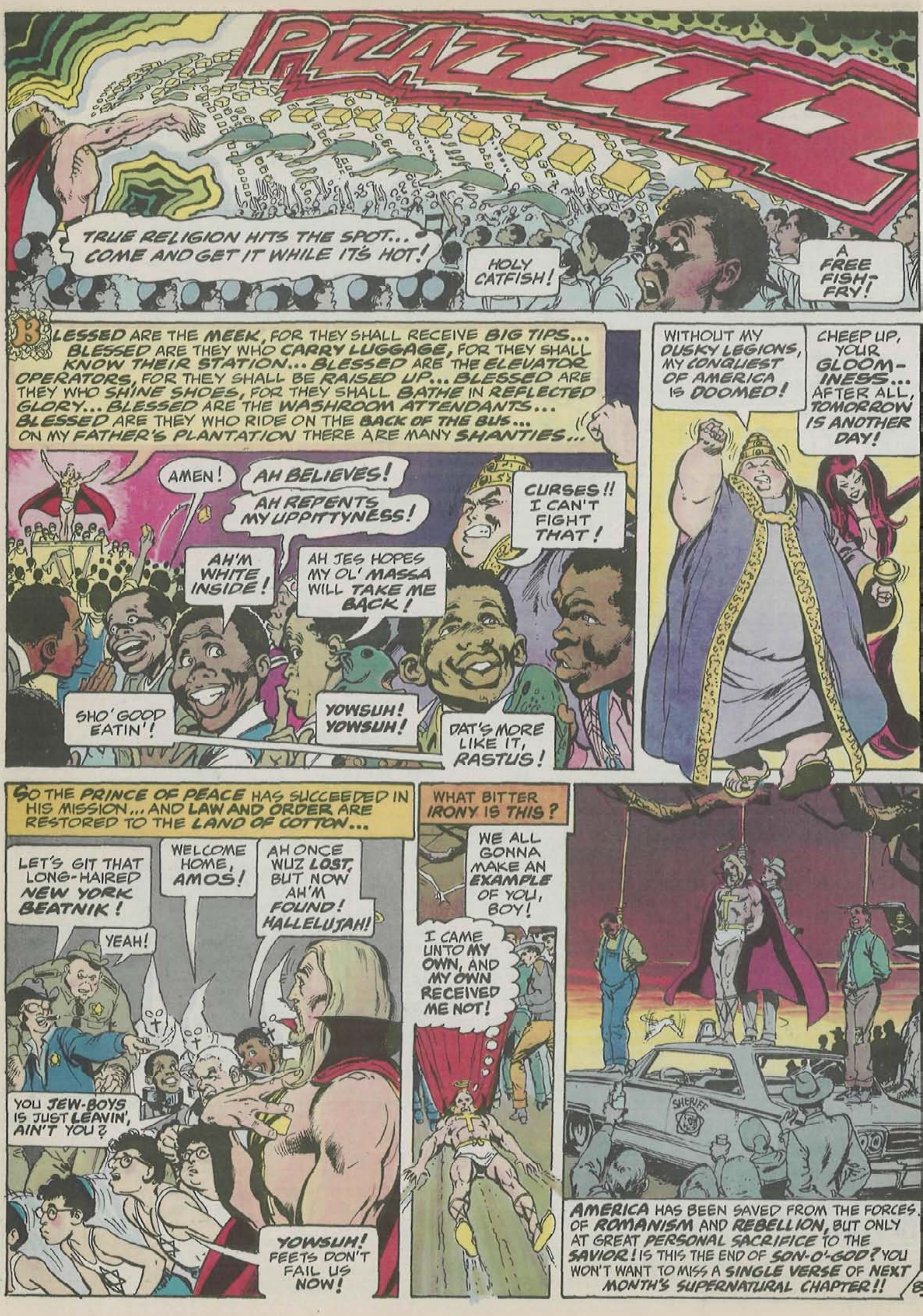
WITH SON-O'-GOD OUT OF THE WAY, ANTICHRIST IS FREE TO PURSUE HIS ROMAN HOLIDAY.
HERE BE MONSTRANCES
THAT'S THE LAST OF THE GIANT SEQUOIAS! BUT WE SHOULD HAVE ENOUGH PIECES OF THE TRUE CROSS TO LAST US ANOTHER 2,000 YEARS!
NOW COMES THE TOUGH PART... MAKING THIS ONE LOOK LIKE JACKIE!
ALL RIGHT... YOU'VE DECIDED TO GO ON AND TRY FOR THE PLENARY INDULGENCE! YOUR QUESTION IS... HOW MANY ANGELS CAN DANCE ON THE HEAD OF A PIN? ...NO PROMPTING PLEASE!
YOU BET YOUR EVERLASTING LIFE
HELL PURG HEAVEN
SURE, IT'LL HURT FOR A WHILE... BUT NOW YOU CAN REACH E ABOVE HIGH C!
ROMAN TABERNACLE CHOIR
THE CORN IS AS HIGH AS A HIEROPHANT'S EYE!
YOU SURE THESE BEADS HEAP STRONG MAGIC?
YOU BETCHA, CHIEF! BLESSED BY HOLY FATHER! TOP MEDICINE MAN IN WHOLE WORLD!
SOLD
I DON'T CARE HOW GOOD A SHEPHERD YOU ARE, PARDNER! THIS IS PAPAL BULL COUNTRY! NOW GIT!
DISTANCE FROM ROME:
ST. PAUL 5,263 MI.
ST. LOUIS 5,158 MI.
SAN FRANCISCO 6,741 MI.
SANTA FE 5,952 MI.
SAN DIEGO 6,434 MI.
SACRAMENTO 6,718 MI.
MEXICO PAXIFIED 1528



QUEBEC
PAXIFIED 1534
I HEAR SHE'S EVEN BETTER IN THIS THAN IN CABARET!
DAVID MERRICK JUST WORSHIPS HER!
NOTRE DAME 5006
SOUTHERN METHODIST 0
LAKE MOTHER SUPERIOR
ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY
FOIN WOIK, ME BUCKOOS! WE'RE AHEAD BY ONE TOUCHDOWN AND 5,000 CONVERSIONS!
TO NOUNS THAT CANNOT BE DECLINED THE NEUTER GENDER IS ASSIGNED
VIRGIN MARY SUPERGROUPIE
A ROCK NOVENA
***"FREE FROM DOCTRINAL OR MORAL ERROR!!" —SACRED HEART MESSENGER
"GRACEFUL ... REVERENT!" —WALTER KERR
IF WE ELIMINATE THE SPACE, WELFARE AND DEFENSE BUDGETS, WE CAN GIVE LOTS MORE AID TO CATHOLIC SCHOOLS!
PAPAL SEA
57
61
THIS IS MY FIRST PILGRIMAGE TO FORT ST. KNOX! WHAT DO I DO?
JUST PAY YOUR MONEY AND KISS THE IDOL!!
MY SINISTER PLOT IS WORKING FLAWLESSLY! THE AMERICAN PEOPLE HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO THEIR KNEES AND REDUCED TO BLIND, UNTHINKING OBEDIENCE! ONLY THE SOUTHERN STATES REMAIN TRUE TO THE WHITE PROTESTANT IDEALS OF PURITY AND GOODNESS... NOW TO HIT AMERICA WHERE IT HURTS... BELOW THE BIBLE BELT!!


ANTICHRIST AND HIS HORDE OF CARPETBAGGERS BEGIN THEIR CAMPAIGN TO ENLIST THE DARK-SKINNED NATIVES OF THE SOUTH IN A RUTHLESS CRUSADE AGAINST THE LAST BASTION OF 100% WHITE AMERICANISM...
HOLY WATER
HOLY WATER
WITHOUT THEIR BLACKAMOOR SERVANTS, WHITE SOUTHERNERS WILL BE POWERLESS!!-- JUST WAIT TILL THOSE DARKIES GET A TASTE OF THESE HOLY WATERMELONS!
BIRMINGHAM ALA.
LITTLE ROCK ARK.
JACKSON MISS.
BATON ROUGE LA.
THERE'S ENOUGH HOLY WATER IN THIS SOUL FOOD TO PUT A MONK ON THE BACK OF EVERY SHINE IN THE SOUTH! ONE BITE, AND THEY'LL BE POPE ADDICTS FOR LIFE!
SISTER JEMIMA'S ROMAN COLLARED GREENS
SOUL FOOD
CARDINAL SANDER'S SOUTHERN FRIARED CHICKEN
Mary Queen
IMMACULATELY PURE
VIRGIN PURE VANILLA
BLACK-EYED PIZZA
DON'T FORGET PECAN PIUS!
EAT YOUR FILL, MY LITTLE CHOCOLATE SOLDIERS! THIS OPIUM OF THE POPE'LL GIVE YOU VISIONS OF THE GRANDEUR THAT IS ROME!
HEHHEH!
WAY DOWN UPON DE TIBER RIBER...
SHO' GOOD EATIN'!
SANCTUS! SANCTUS!
WHAT YO' ALL JUST SAY, RASTUS?
WHAT ABOUT THE RAPE OF GEORGIA, YOUR WICKEDNESS?
SHE BROUGHT IT ON HUHSELF, MIZ SCARLET!
MARCUS TWAIN!
TOTE DAT BORGIA... LIFT DAT VEIL...
ROBERT FULTON SHEEN
AH HAS A DREAM!
SO HAS AH!
AH JUST BOUGHT DE ONE WID DE LONG LEGS, CASSIUS!
AH'LL BUY HER OFF YOU WHEN YOU DONE WID HER, RUFUS!
BUT, DADDY, I DON'T WANT TO WORK IN THE PAPAL VINEYARDS!
DON'T WORRY, LYNDA... ROMAN SLAVES ARE TREATED A LOT BETTER!
PEEL ME A GRAPE, CORNELIA!
WHILE ANTICHRIST'S TREACHEROUS ANTIPASTI WORK THEIR FEARFUL MAGIC ON THE HAPLESS SONS OF NUBIA...


...BACK IN BROOKLYN, N.Y., FOOD OF A VERY DIFFERENT SAVOR INSPIRES AN EVEN GREATER MIRACLE...
BENNY, YOU'VE BEEN IN YOUR ROOM ALL WEEKEND! YOU MUST BE STARVING!
OH BOY! CHICKEN SOUP!
...THE GRAND OL' OPRY IS PROUD TO PRESENT LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S MASS, STARRING SAMMY DAVIS JR.
SAMMY DAVIS JR.!! ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!
A NICE JEWISH BOY LIKE SAMMY?
JEE-ZUZ!
AS THE LITTLE SHNOOK TAKES THE NAME...
...HE IS TOUCHED BY THE POWER OF THE LORD!
RAMA LAMA DING DONG!
AND ONCE MORE THE WORD IS MADE FLESH!
MAKE HASTE, H.G.! ROUND UP THE TWELVE APOSTLES! THE HOUR IS AT HAND!
YMHA
IT'S H.G.
LET'S GO!
MAT
AND LO IT COMES TO PASS...
WE'LL SHOW THAT VILLAIN THAT WHITE, NOT MIGHT, MAKES RIGHT!
WE'RE ALABAMY BOUND... HELLO MOBILE, SO LONK LONK ISLAND SOUND...
BLACK MASSES FOR THE BLACK MASSES
RITE ON!
YOUR UGLINESS! IT'S H.G. AND SON-O'-GOD! HE'S RISEN FROM THE DEAD AGAIN!
THIS TIME THEY ARE TOO LATE! WHAT ARE TWO SPOOKS AGAINST SO MANY? GET WHITEY! OFF THE PRIG!!
SON-O'-GOD AND HIS DUTIFUL DOZEN ARRIVE TO FIND THE SOUTH TEETERING ON THE BRINK OF ARMAGEDDON...
UH-OH! BARRY, PHIL... GO FIND ME TWO CATFISH AND FIVE PIECES OF CORN BREAD! QUICK!!
PETE


PTZAZZZZZ
TRUE RELIGION HITS THE SPOT... COME AND GET IT WHILE IT'S HOT!
HOLY CATFISH!
A FREE FISH-FRY!
BLESSED ARE THE MEEK, FOR THEY SHALL RECEIVE BIG TIPS... BLESSED ARE THEY WHO CARRY LUGGAGE, FOR THEY SHALL KNOW THEIR STATION... BLESSED ARE THE ELEVATOR OPERATORS, FOR THEY SHALL BE RAISED UP... BLESSED ARE THEY WHO SHINE SHOES, FOR THEY SHALL BATHE IN REFLECTED GLORY... BLESSED ARE THE WASHROOM ATTENDANTS... BLESSED ARE THEY WHO RIDE ON THE BACK OF THE BUS... ON MY FATHER'S PLANTATION THERE ARE MANY SHANTIES...
AMEN!
AH BELIEVES! AH REPENTS MY UPPITTYNESS!
CURSES!! I CAN'T FIGHT THAT!
AH'M WHITE INSIDE!
AH JES HOPES MY OL' MASSA WILL TAKE ME BACK!
SHO' GOOD EATIN'!
YOWSUH! YOWSUH!
DAT'S MORE LIKE IT, RASTUS!
WITHOUT MY DUSKY LEGIONS, MY CONQUEST OF AMERICA IS DOOMED!
CHEER UP, YOUR GLOOM-INESS... AFTER ALL, TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY!
SO THE PRINCE OF PEACE HAS SUCCEEDED IN HIS MISSION... AND LAW AND ORDER ARE RESTORED TO THE LAND OF COTTON...
LET'S GIT THAT LONG-HAIRED NEW YORK BEATNIK!
YEAH!
WELCOME HOME, AMOS!
AH ONCE WUZ LOST, BUT NOW AH'M FOUND! HALLELUJAH!
YOU JEW-BOYS IS JUST LEAVIN', AIN'T YOU?
YOWSUH! FEETS DON'T FAIL US NOW!
WHAT BITTER IRONY IS THIS?
WE ALL GONNA MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF YOU, BOY!
I CAME UNTO MY OWN, AND MY OWN RECEIVED ME NOT!
SHERIFF
AMERICA HAS BEEN SAVED FROM THE FORCES OF ROMANISM AND REBELLION, BUT ONLY AT GREAT PERSONAL SACRIFICE TO THE SAVIOR! IS THIS THE END OF SON-O'-GOD? YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS A SINGLE VERSE OF NEXT MONTH'S SUPERNATURAL CHAPTER!!



Dear Editors,

This letter is to suggest that you uncage the Holy Ghost again. For the last few ishes H.G. has just been fluttering around uselessly. But the Third Person has always been one of my favorite characters. I remember the good old days of S.O.G. Comics when the Divine Dove used to strafe sinners and terrorize the faithless with tongues of fire. And my favorite adventure was the one where the Puissant Pigeon surprised Simon the Magician by hiding in his dove pan and then teamed up with the American Eagle to eat the liver out of that Pagan god Prometheus, who had stolen the Statue of Liberty's torch. Remember?

What I'm saying, I guess, is keep SON-O'-GOD coming, but give us the Bird!

Peter Elbling
Los Angeles, Calif.

Ask and you shall receive, Pete. The Bird of Paradise plays a starring role in "Tongues of Fire," ish-after-next, God willing.

Dear Friends,

I've always thought that SON-O'-GOD Comics were terrific entertainment. But in "A Demon Named Legion" (#135, Chapter 5, Verses 1-19) I think you let some of us down pretty badly. I know it was a "Sword-n-Sorcery" fantasy, but your scribes were asking us to suspend our disbelief just a little too much when Soggy cast the devils into the pigs, and the herd jumped off the cliff. The whole episode just wasn't consistent with SON-O'-GOD's basic meekness, gentleness, and respect for private property.

In addition, some of your younger readers might see all those pigs being killed and think you were saying something about the police, who are, let's face it, just doing their best. Watch it, fellas, this is just the sort of thing that got comics banned in the fifties! Please, even if you don't print this letter, repent and mend your ways!

H. Ellison
Los Angeles, Calif.

Look again, Mr. E. It was SON-O'-GOD who cast out the devils, all right, but it was Bennie David, after the untransfiguration, who drove the non-kosher beasties over the edge. And as for SON-O'-GOD's relations with the police, we suggest you take a look at "A Certain Centurion" (#58) to see how old Soggy feels about Officers of the Law. Hallelujah!

Dear Editor,

It's hard enough to be a modern liberated woman and a Jehovah's Witness without having my favorite comic character confuse me all the more. But I just can't figure out SON-O'-GOD's position with regard to both women and JWs.

In one story He definitely seems to be knocking Kate Millett, but then, just one or two issues later, there He is sitting on the grass with Aphrodite, pretty much agreeing with everything she says, even though it's obvious she plans to take over the world. What gives?

Not so long ago SON-O'-GOD punished two of the ushers at Radio City Music Hall by making them do fifty push-ups for not recognizing a quote from the Old Testament, but in the second-to-last panel of "Bad News," SON-O'-GOD and the Apostles joke openly about the way Jehovah's Witnesses believe everything that's in print and ridicule them as if they were just kooks or Catholics. How can you reconcile this?

Charlene Russell
Pittsburgh, Pa.

SON-O'-GOD moves in mysterious ways, Charlene. Who are we to judge Him? We just print the Truth. Aren't you just making your life complicated by being a Frantic Fanatic instead of just a Plain Protestant like everyone else? Being a minister of God is SON-O'-GOD's task and no job for a lady! Maybe if you and your women's-lib friends stopped rocking the boat and waited for the winds of change to blow by themselves, the sailing would be a lot smoother. Amen!

LUTHER'S LECTERN

Take your pews, disciples, for a little Holy Writ from old Luther himself. Faithful Son-o'-God fans know this is the column where we get to give you the Good Word from time even unto time. So here goes! We've been praying and meditating a lot these days about the news from Northern Ireland. Now some of little faith may say, "Hold your horses, there, Luther, a comic's no place to discuss serious issues!" But we say unto them,"*Racca*," which is, "Thou fool!" Know ye not that comics have come of age?

"One Bible, One Crown, No Pope in Our Town" is the motto of the Loyal Orange Men of Belfast, and we say AMEN! to that. In fact, we think our own American government could take a lesson from the English in how to handle Micks, Dogans, Mackerel Snappers, or whatever the Papists are calling themselves these days.

It doesn't take Divine Inspiration to know what every Irishman wants—to emigrate to England. But when the British go to considerable expense and trouble to bring a little bit of England to the Irish, what thanks do they get?

We've said it before and we'll say it again: what the world needs now is fewer protesters and more Protestants. And, as they say in Northern Ireland, "Thank God I'm Prod!"

Keep the Faith, babies,

Luther



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ONLY GOD'S GRACE STANDS BETWEEN YOU AND HELLFIRE AS YOU FOLLOW CALVIN THE BARBARIAN INTO A THRILLING WORLD OF THRIFT, SOBRIETY, AND HARD WORK!

KNOW YE THESE, THE HALLOWED RANKS OF CHRISTENDOM:

R. P. M. (Regular Protestant Male)—A reader who would never again speak to a girl who would let him do a thing like that.

W. W. M. (Well-Washed Mouth)—Anyone who wins debates with clever lines like "If you're so worried about pollution, why don't you clean up your language?"

S. F. A. (Super-Fanatic Abstainer)—A reader who believes that the way to stamp out organized crime is to bring back prohibition.


FOTO FUNNIES
...WAIT...
GETTING NAKED IS ONE THING...
...BUT THIS IS REALLY SOMETHING ELSE....
I'VE NEVER DONE IT WITH TWO GUYS BEFORE.
BUT IF IT'S TRUE THAT NO ONE IS GOING TO GET HURT...
...I GUESS IT COULD BE A BEAUTIFUL THING.

"Come Up the Erse to Ulster!"

by P. J. O'Rourke

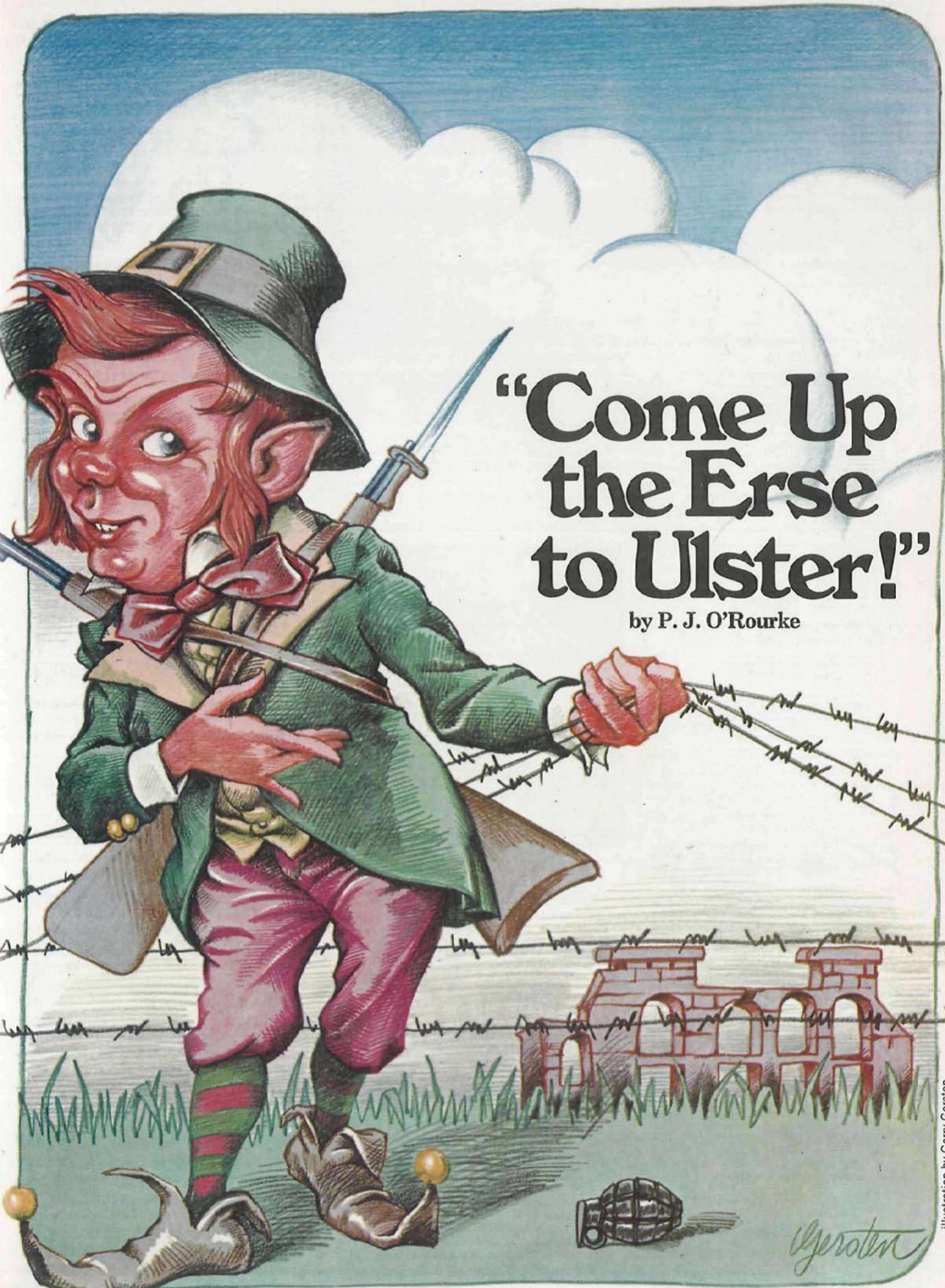


illustration by Gerry Gersten

ULSTER—IT'S JUST A SHOT AWAY!

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The payload airline—if Ireland's in your sights



"A little bit of the auld sod on the wing"

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The Gory Of the Gaelic Past Preserved

All in a Space Hardly Larger Than Disney World and Governed by the Same Earnest Folk We Fought Beside in World War II

Here's what one noted contemporary author has to say about modern Ireland:

> . . . there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo . . .

Nicens? Moocow? Baby tuckoo? Can this possibly be the same Old Sod that my father (the old sod) would tell about (Then it was that a tear would run down what was left of his nose and he'd sing one of the old songs . . .

When young we were all, we were patriots clear,
Sure we bombed, bound, and gagged for the Cause wi' ne'er fear.
Long as it were women and we were filled up wi' beer,
And an occasional bootjack up a cat's arse for cheer!
Oh . . . .
'Ere were blood on the walls, fugh all, fugh all!
Blood on the walls, fugh all!
Sing slicety-stab boom rat-a-tat maul

The BP Guide to Hotels and Tourist Homes in Belfast

A Public Service from
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Honorable Mention: Watts, 1966; Detroit, 1967; Forest Hills, 1971.
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Regency House, 2750 Lisburn Rd. / First-rate! Reinforced concrete. All employees C. of E. Heliport and diplomatic immunity. 6-inch guns.

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Murphy's Deluxe Lodge, Ballygowan Rd. and Carlingford Way / Quiet suburban locale except for occasional strafing. Short on arms, but large supply of whiskey and bandages. Vibrator beds.

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Mrs. Burghley's Rooms, 45 Falls Rd. / Disputed territory. No outside windows. Excellent view of action from the roof. Reasonable rates. PX. Attractive sandbags in decorator burlap.

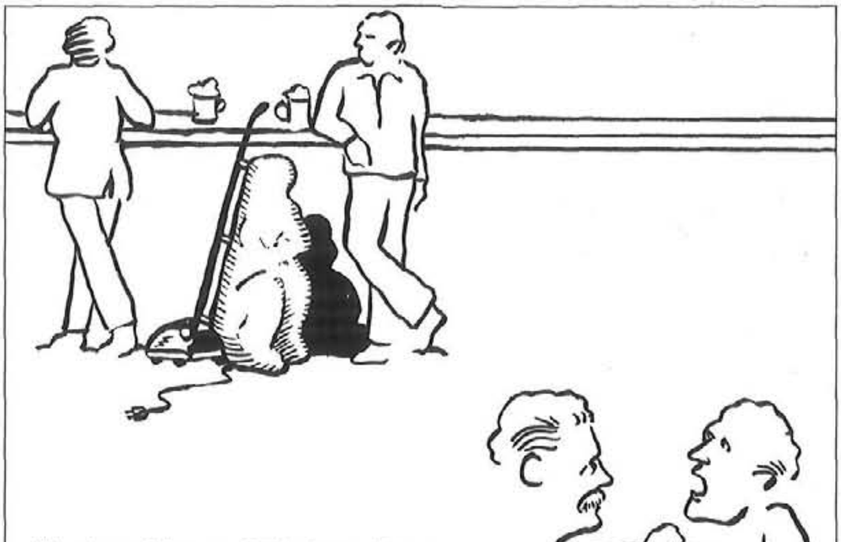
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DE VALERA'S DISCOUNT HOUSE
Corner of Brian St. and Docksea Rd.
In downtown Newry



"I miss talking to O'Finnigan. 'Tis a shame he's had to go into hiding."

'Ere were blood on the floor and the walls.
Remember the tar and the feathers we piled
On the nun playing jacks wi' the Anglish school chile?
And the look on ole dad's face? Sure, 'twas wild!
When he found we'd put ground glass in his third pint o' mild!
(refrain)
Aye,the night we were drunk wi' sten gun and mortar,
And blew both the legs off the ole vicar's daughter!
And the priest that we killed for usin' Welsh holy water,
And for callin' our explosion o' the the orphanage a slaughter!
(refrain)

. . . and spin a long yarn of fairies, leprechauns, Queen Maeve, and the time Uncle Brian took the top of his wife's head off with a coal shovel) on Saturday nights after he'd drunk up the milk money and finished beating my mother for losing at bingo?

No, of course not. Real-life Ireland is a far cry from the Sodom and Begorra and namesake of Lake Eire we heard about in the stories and legends and is instead, today, a modern European democracy, like Michigan without snakes.

But far from the now-fully-automated potato fields of the south—in deepest Ulster—the world of Mayor Daley, Machine Gun Jack McGurn, Dempsey at Toledo, and Mad King Ludwig of Bavaria's second wife on her mother's side lives on in the spirit of Faith 'n Bazookas, without, perhaps, the conveniences of nicens, moocows, or baby tuckoos but with a will to put the "ire" back in Ireland.

History

Traveling to the North means more than just relaxing in the gun and getting a good black and tan. Ulster is a treasure-chest of living history where ancient folk-customs such as the Thirty Years' War, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve, and Pyrrhus's victory over the Romans at Asculum survive untrammeled. And in terms of monuments and ruins, Ulster is veritably the Dresden of the British Isles. So if you're dying to sight-see, the North answers every need.

Renting a small auto-da-fé, you can drive up to Puchome Abbey, where Cromwell buggered Bishop Ludlow Brehon in a hogshead of Malmsey. (British authorities have restored the Abbey to its original Gothic splendor using authentic medieval Irish mud-and-mud construction.) Or go down to Castle Galway on the banks of Lough Rea, where William III put Catholicism to rout in Ulster by banning car raffles north of Ardee. Farther west is the charming village of Tuam, remembered for an April

continued

Woodstump Nation:

Mourning of the Age of Acrimonious



When IRA is sniping, all the Tommies are held at bay, but when IRA is bombing sure it will blow your face away.... Shamrock 'n' Roll at Northern Ireland's enormous Fam-In where Blood, Sweat and Beers belted out slug after song in their famous "Big Banshee" sound to delirious cries of "Food! Food!" from thousands of starving young amputees. "Out of sight," was what they called it—especially those who'd been in the vicinity of shrapnel or flying glass—as they groped to the music of the Grateful Interned, Fast Domino, The Plastique Ono Band, and Bomb Dylan. So many "crippies," as they style themselves, flocked or were carried to the festival that authorities had to airlift glue and scattered limbs from all over Ulster to help the kids "get it together" in what was billed as "Poor Days of Priest and Muscilage."

Despite the reign and bad heather, hungry but happy crippies sat in the blood and clapped their stumps, passing claymore pipes from retrained toes to artificial hands. Many of the youths were stoned, like the two Derry girls on their way to see *Hara-Kari On* with a pair of corporals in the Welsh Guard. Others shot spud. And there were some bad trips, such as the youth who stumbled over a paving stone while running away from two thousand pounds of gelignite he'd just planted in a Morris Minor. But thanks to the efforts of the Bog Farm, a tent was set up where paraplegics "on a bomber" could receive last right-ons and a free burial ... if they could dig it. Crippies hailed the Fam-In as the advent of a new spiritual era in Ireland: a time of enlightenment. At least, many said they were lighter than when they came. And not a few claimed to have experienced the ultimate mystical awakening, or "Great White Blight," while under the influence of vitriol or other types of acid.

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How many dead-on shots have you muffed due to a sudden run or snag in your sock? CAHILL's Formfits are extra sheer and run-resistant, even when worn with wire-rim glasses. And Formfits have no unsightly seams to bunch or bind in your line of sight.

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3/6 apiece
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Please send me.......... CAHILL's Formfit nylon stockings in a plain brown wrapper

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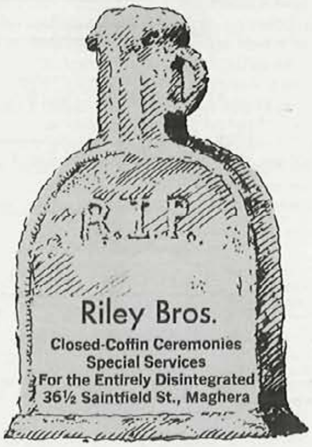


Irish football (or "Hurling Things") is played with a real foot, and every day of the week the stretchers are packed with aficionados shooting for their favorite side. This Sunday's match between the British Tommies and the Derry Papists took a suprising interned after the famous Four Gunmen of the Papists' bog field overran a shotgun defense and scored a field ghoul by eating the arm off a dry-goods clerk who'd been dead for a month. But the Tommies kept a tight end, and when Edward Heath called in a couple of his favorite slays, they blocked a brick and picked up a lot of carnage, ending with a hand off and several other injuries. The Tommies' gassing won them first Down, then Antrim and part of Donegal, but they fumbled the half-time pick-off; and fullblack Papists carried the pall for a grave loss. Bierleaders led enthusiastic cants and the crowd went wild. . . .

Two, four, six, eight,
Who do we assassinate?!!!
Bulldog, bulldog, bang! bang! bang!
William Butler Yeats!!!

The game went into sudden-death overtime after fifteen skinnings of flay, and the Tommies won this round with a successful intercession after Papists blew an end gun Tinker to Evers to pieces: "Derry has it deep in British territory. . . . Going . . . going . . . Oops! . . . Foul bomb! . . . Papists lose ten yards . . . three fingers . . . an arm. . . ."

Planning to Stay in Ulster?



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Fool's Day prank by the students of Ormonde College in the time of George IV. Seems the young men captured a Carmelite sister and spirited her across the border to the town square, where they cooked and ate her. Each year this episode is reenacted on Nun-Rump-and-Short-Rib Day, an occasion matched for colorful ceremony only by the changing of the Gas Masks at Parliament House in Belfast.

And while you're in Belfast, you won't want to miss an educational tour of Mrs. Hamill's Furnished Rooms and Transient's Home where the Orange Ladies' Aid has erected a full-scale exhibit in the attic room where Bernadette Devlin was gotten with child out of wedlock.

Also of intense historical interest and only ten minutes from the center of town is the Monastery of St. Barbara (patroness of arsenals and powder magazines) in suburban Carrickfergus. During the ninth and tenth centuries, the monks of St. Barbara's were a leading force among the Anthropophagian Heretics, a particularly Irish apostacy which many claim is still extant in the more remote regions of Ulster. Anthropophagists held that the body and blood of *anybody* would do for the performance of the Eucharist, a rite the St. Barbara brothers had a tendency to perform three times a day, especially when crops were poor.

Culture

If you're seeking cultural enrichment, Northern Ireland is the hotbed of the Irish arts. Belfast hosts a renowned annual film festival (last year's winners were *Blow-Up* and *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*) and the world's only wheelchair modern-dance ensemble, well known for their *Bogside Story* and selected interpretations of Rimski-Korsakov's *Charrédsod*. Nor does the North lack for music, sporting, as it does, two fully armed mick orchestras and .38, .45 and .30/06 chamber music. The Ulster theatre is famous for the explosive performances demanded on a highly competitive stage—where critical sniping often reaches savage proportions, and a play that doesn't get at least provisional approval can really bomb. By the same token, however, a successful show is bound to bring the house down. Last summer, visiting British troops pounded the broads with their production of *Tear Gas of the August Mourn*, and the entire audience was choked up . . . and a summer stalk company in Dungannon produced Europe's first passion play with real nails.

Good Clean Fun

But maybe you'd just like to get

blasted and watch the no-go dancers in Ireland's famous pubs. Nothing could be more fun than seeing the Irish load up, take shot after shot, and then go do some drinking. And Ulster's just the place for a tall tale, a song, and a spot of the old "orange juice." Stop around to the Bloody Maw in Newry and hear bartender Davey Kelly tell about old Sean Bragaugh, who went home so drunk one night that he mistook the family spaniel for his wife Colleen and cut the dog in two with an ax. Or roar with the crowd in Derry's Fang and Nail as the locals tell of how Rory McDervitt took on, single-handed, six IRA men who stomped him to death, threw acid in the face of his wife, and burned his house to the ground. Pretty soon you'll be shooting the Bs and bursting into swan song with the best of them, and after you've gotten bombed a few times with the Irish, you'll know why they call it pub-*crawling*.

And Business Opportunities

Nor is Ulster just a quaint vacation-playground. It's also a well-fertilized new field for investment. Witness the prosperity of Mick Donald's Swiftburger chain ("a modest proposal for dinner") and the phenomenal sales trajectory of the rubber bullet—an item so successful that several American firms are now experimenting with rubber tear-gas, rubber napalm, and a rubber hydrogen bomb.

There *has* been some bier-market speculation lately on behind-the-scenes business manipulations in Northern Ireland: repeated rumors that Britain might sell its interest in Ulster or merge with another concern and persistent stories of Belfast proxy-fights and high-level executive shake-ups. But, most likely, that exchange of floor-gossip can be traced back to Britain's jealous competitors in Indochina, Mozambique and the Middle East. After all, the British acquired Ulster from the estate of Red Hugh O'Donnell in 1601, and since then there've been 11,560 splits among the common stock and numerous other divisions besides. Depreciation has been negligible; the physical plant is in much the same shape it was in at acquisition. Certainly Royal Ulster has had its share of difficulties—security problems, union trouble, famine—but what major concern is free of these? Anyway, they have an explosive production-record, and their prophet margin has always been pretty much on target.

Of course, doing business in Ulster requires an understanding of the local currency, the basic unit of which is the somewhat unstable "pound gelignite," which is roughly equivalent to six American blasting caps. The

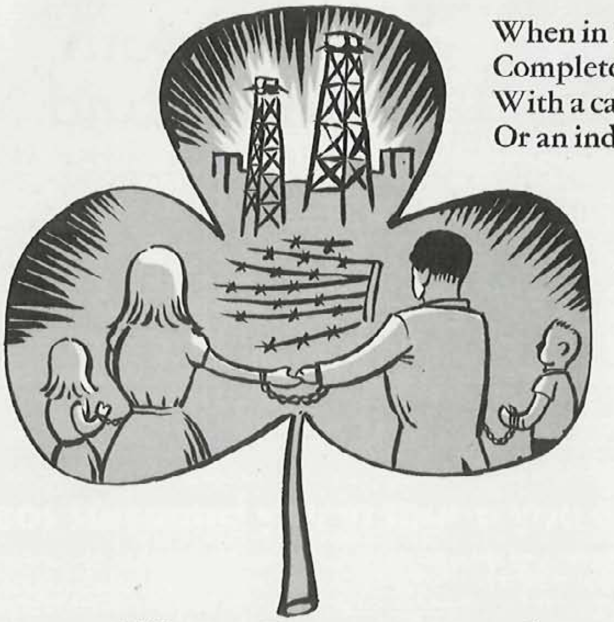
continued

New Plumage for the Asphalt Jungle



How *can* you tell if the bride's a virgin at a military wedding in Ulster? If she's a virgin, *she's wearing white feathers in her tar!* Something old/Something new/Something borrowed/something blew up. . . . Ha-ha-ha. But, *really*, tar (That's from Hill of Tara, historic seat of the Irish kings, you know) is all the *rage* in Ireland now *and every chic chick is—shapely shaved* head to feathery foot—in a petrol Pucci or charred Chanel. And *how the craze has spread! Everyone* is dancing the tarantella; having her tarot read; eating tartar sauce, tarragon, and steak tartare; and reading the critical essays of Spurius Metius Tarpa. Some say it's *tacky*, but *most* think it's *slick*.

"I'm Tarred and I Want to Go Home" is what these *camp*-following colleens seem to be singing in *perfect pitch*. And, believe me, they've *paved* their way to fame in the fashion world with these matching (I mean *birds* of a feather . . .) hot tartans in macadam plaid for that you-*Tarzan*-me-jaded look complete with tarboosh. What could be better for dressing *down*?



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With much of their original bumpers still attached!

KISS ME, I'M INTERNED!/GREEN BERETS!/PRAY FOR PEAT

ERIN GO BOOM!/BAN THE BRAGH!

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and vast areas of flattened rubble
exclusively for

DE VALERA'S DISCOUNT HOUSE
Corner of Brian St. and Docksea Rd.
in downtown Newry



Little Sean Kelly Will Go to Bed Hungry Tonight

His father crossed the wrong wires on a hunk of gelignite when Sean was only four, and his mother absently lit a cigarette while scrubbing tar out of her hair in a bucket of No-Nox. Sean's brother caught a rubber bullet in the ear; his sister took the veil and was genuflected to death by an overzealous mother superior. The parish priest ate a can of bad tuna, the local IRA chapter's Hillman Minx—full of petrol bombs—was charged by a sow in rut, and the town's only pub and all its occupants disappeared when a warm keg of Guinness went off by the arms cache. Now little Sean is the only living person in County Monaghan, and he's too short to reach the doorknob on the delicatessen.

But his is only one of the millions of stories that go to make the epic saga of Ireland's population reduction from nearly eight million in the early 1840s to only a little more than three million today—all without legalized abortion or birth control of any kind.

For more information write to:
ZENO POPULATION GROWTH
the Roman Catholic organization
to combat overpopulation
Box 1000
Vatican City, Italy
and receive our free pamphlet,
"The Miricale of Malthus."

The Wit and Wisdom of Ireland

What's the difference between an Irish wedding and an Irish wake?
Thirteen less drunks!

If you don't leave a bowl of milk out for the leprechauns in Belfast, they'll bomb your pub!

What do you get when you cross an Irishman with a wild boar?
A pig that can hold a grudge!

What's the favorite Irish spectator sport?
The DTs!

Why did the snakes leave Ireland?
Why would they stay?

How do you tell the bride in a Belfast wedding?
She's the one with the dab of CS gas behind each ear!

What did the Irishman give his kid for Christmas?
Toy potatoes!

How can you tell a Catholic schoolboy in Ulster?
By the plastique charge strapped between his legs!

How do you say heaven in Gaelic?
Bingo!

How many Irishmen does it take to fire a pistol?
Five . . . one to pull the trigger and four to steady his hand!

How can you tell a formal banquet in Ireland?
The potatoes are peeled!

How can you tell a married Irishman?
He eats his potatoes cooked!

What do you call an Irishman with three potatoes?
Rich!

continued

pound is divided into 240 "penetrations with an edged weapon" or "peneys," as they are called, a peney being worth about two-thirds of our slice with a straight razor. Twelve peneys go to make a "shelling," sometimes called a "bomb." Thus, there are twenty shellings in a pound. Prices, especially of clothes, are sometimes figured in the archaic denomination of "*guineas*," *a guinea being one pound* plus an Italian bodyguard. Other commonly used denominations include the "fatal head clubbing," or "crowned," which is worth five shellings, and the "suffereign," worth twenty.

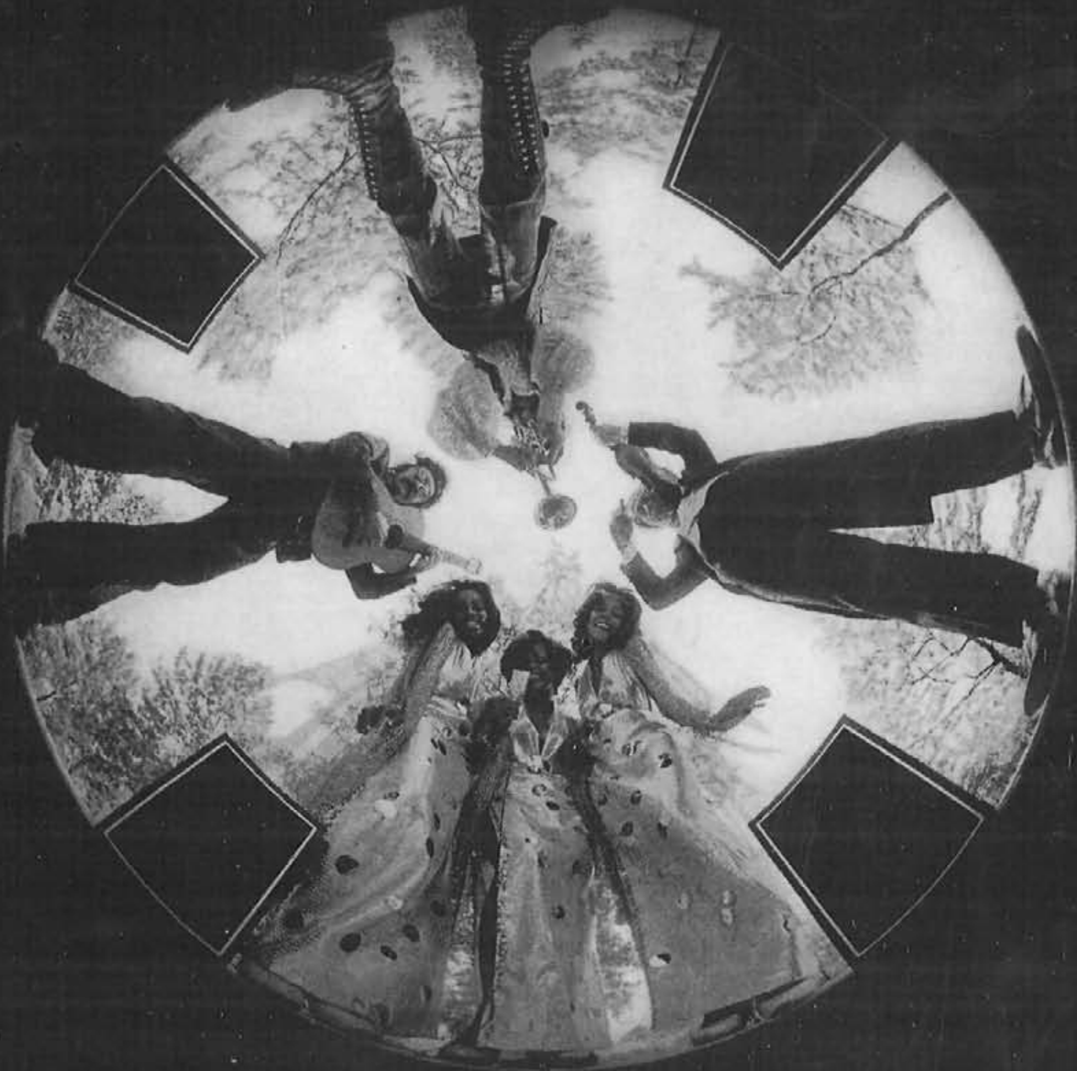
AS FOREIGN AS BENGAL, AS FAMILIAR AS BEDFORD-STUYVESANT

But finally, there is something more to Ulster than history, culture, fun, and fortune . . . something hard to put into words.

Sometimes in the evening, when you're having a drink on the veranda and looking out over the potato fields, then, when the guns are quiet in the free-fire zones and the sun's going down behind the fire-base perimeter at Bally Murphy, you can hear the Irish, their sniping done for the night, down on the levy by the lough singing their songs—"Gunmen Carrying Me to the Promised Land," "It's a Treat to Beat Your Feet on the River Liffey Peat," "Brendan Behan's in the Cold, Cold Ground"—and a certain sweet-sad feeling for these people comes upon you . . . a sort of burden that, at home or abroad, we—British and American—must bear. The simple Irish: a carefree, happy-go-lucky race, full of laughter and lilt, who don't seem to feel pain the way we do. In those quiet twilight moments, the words of Rudyard Kipling come back across the years. . . .

By the old Popish Cathedral, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a girl chained to a lamppost, and I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the 'taters, and the sniper shots they say:
"Come you back, you British soldiers; come you back up Ulster way!"
Come you back up Ulster way,
Where the rifle bullets play:
Can't you 'ear them Paddies firin' from Londonderry to Galway?
On patrol up Ulster way,
Where the flyin' plate-glass sprays,
An' the bombs go off like monsters outer Loch Ness 'crost the bay!
'Er petticoat was tarred an' 'er little 'ead was shaved,
An' 'er name was plainly Mud wi' the local IRA,
An' I seed 'er first a-bleedin' of a whackin' bloody wound,
An' white as any Anglish girl from 'er nearly fatal swoon.
On patrol up Ulster way . . .
On patrol up Ulster way . . . ♣

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The big sound that won't break you. An AM/FM/FM stereo receiver with 8-track cartridge player and dual air suspension speakers. Features built-in antenna, slide rule dial, F.E.T. and AFC for drift-free FM. Inputs for phono and tape. Stereo headphone jack. Walnut-finish and satin-chrome cabinetry. Model 3350 CST.

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BELL & HOWELL



National Anthems

Of Our Political Friends

by Brian McConnachie

CANADA

The Maple Leaf Forever

At Queenston Heights and Fundy's
Lane,
Our brave fathers side by side,
For freedom, homes, and loved ones
dear,
Firmly stood keeping watchword
ever silent;
Lest they be discovered and
revealed.
Humming songs of inconspicuous
origin,
They milled and toiled and wandered
around,
And finally found,
Somebody who,
Could make them feel blue:
armed soldiers.
Their quasi vigil from behind
mossy-covered boulders came,
And also imitative sounds of large
brown bears,
Instilling jumpiness in our foes;
Till one day they vanished, leaving
freedom in their wake;
For all the people in the land of the
colorful Maple Leaf.
The Maple Leaf forever,
Forever and a day.

"The Maple Leaf Forever" by Alexander Muir won a second-place $50 prize in a contest sponsored by the Caledonian Society in 1867. They sold the first-place $100 prize song, after altering its lyrics, to Norway for $175. With their $25 profit they bought Maine from a confidence agent, but time heals all wounds. Some Canadians prefer "O Canada" as the national anthem. It's sung very quickly in French, and many of the words run together. It tells of trappers who go "squirrel crazy" and come down with "weasel fever" whenever they imagine themselves in a country that isn't free. The contest had been over for twelve years when this piece was written.

MEXICO

The Donkey and the Taco

Andele, andele, por favor
¿Donde esta mi tequila?
(sfx. pistol shots) Bang Bang
Bang Bang.
Eiiii Yii Yii Yi Yi Loook et de
teets on dat one;
My sister's a wergen and so iz
my mom,
For six hundred pesos I let you get on.
Eiii Eiiii Yiiiii Bang Bang Bang,
My burro iz so grande.
Eii Bang Bang Yiii Bang
Madre de Dios, diz iz de life,
Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang.
I newer wan to leeve diz stinkin'
place
To go back to stinkin'
Puerto Rico,
You stinkin' get my meaning, chico!
Bang EEEEEEEEEEIIIiiiiiiiiiii
YYYIIii
Hey, loook et de teets on dat
utter one,
Dat one iz de best one, ah Bang
Bang Bang.
Loook it ower Meester, it'z all for
sale.
Eiii Yiii Bang
From our toez to our sombreros,
We're juzz wacky caballeros.
Bang. Donkeys an' tacos forewer.

These are generally the lyrics, though they don't necessarily have to appear in this order . . . or at all. It is not uncommon to substitute other lyrics, save for the last line, but these are the ones that have been in most versions. "The Donkey and the Taco" has no official author/composer but is instead attributed to a group of San Diego domestics who would, as they rode in the trucks that brought them to work, sing. Sometimes they pretended to be "bandidos" and made threatening gestures out of the back of the truck to pedestrians, but that's another story. The unofficial anthem of Mexico is called "Dust for Sale." It doesn't have any lyrics but is hummed —and usually by people who are trying to act inconspicuous.

ITALY

Fin-Nick-U-La
Fin-Nick-U-Self

Not available.

Unfortunately, this national anthem has been recalled for revision. It should be out again by the end of this year. Some politicians felt the line about Krakatoa being east of Java should be changed because Krakatoa is west of Java, while others felt the line should be deleted entirely because Krakatoa isn't even in Italy and the space should be used to say something nice about the railroad trains. It will be interesting to see what happens.

FRANCE

The Marseillaise

Ye sons of fifedom awash with glory!
Hark! Hark! what myriads on the
rise?
Ye grandchildren, ye grandchildren,
ye grandchildren;
Behold their tears, the ropes are
perhaps too tight,
Shall mischief-breeding tyrants roam
left then fro
With their hired ghosts and marching
bands,
Leaving peace and liberty asleep with
cuts on their faces?
Our legs, our legs, our legs,
ye brave ones;
Th' avenging sword aflight,
Marching and marching with our

continued

continued

hearts in tow;
For liberty and death.

What is this thing? This isn't "The Marseillaise." And if it is "The Marseillaise," it's a horrible translation filled with misprints. "The Marseillaise" is a very inspiring patriotic song, and when the French hear it, they go into a frenzy and try to kill Austrians for what happened back in 1792. And they also try to kill Germans who pretended to be Austrians after World War II. Perhaps it's just as well the real thing doesn't appear here in case any French people are reading this.

KOREA
Get Your Own Gin and Tonic, Fryboy

There once was an Emperor from
Gkee-dom
Who liked pretty girls when he
see'd 'em
He'd sneak into their tents
And have sexy events
And one day he gave us our freedom.

And along came the good Syngman
Rhee, ah,
From Princeton to Seoul he flew via.
He kneeled down and prayed,
That soon he'd get laid,
And that we'd call the country Korea.

Koreans are very strong and they raise millet, barley, peppers, ginseng, and rabbits. And they are purported to be the best ricksha-drivers in Asia. In 1871 Commodore Perry landed in Korea and, thinking it was China, said, "Hi, I'm Marco Polo. Remember me?" No one understood a word he said, but they did address him as "Mr. Poro" when he left.

ISRAEL
Israel's Gonna Be My Home

Young Israel's singers:
Sometimes when we lie awake on
our bunks,
We think of you, Oh Israel, as our
father;
Standing ever alert in silent lookout,
As we sleep secure under your watch.
Your effort is for us and for our future.

Elders' chorus:
It's all right. I don't mind. I love you.

Young Israel's singers:
We're like a house so filled with
children,
And there's nowhere for the parent
to rest.
You sit firmly awake in the kitchen
of Justice
Worrying about the days ahead.
Please rest in our bunk, Oh Israel;
We will stay up and worry in your
place.
We're strong and we don't mind a
little worrying now and then.
We love you.

Elders' chorus:
Never mind about that. Go to sleep.
Go to the bathroom and wash your
hands,
And then go to sleep.

Young Israel's singers:
We did. We love you.

Elders' chorus:
Then go to sleep. I love you.

There is a complicated contract involved with this anthem. Every time it's played, the William Morris Agency gets royalty payments. Sometimes they have to take up a collection before they can sing it. If they're not able to collect enough money, they sing "Born Free" instead . . . which many would prefer to sing in the first place.

AUSTRALIA
**Look Out, Australia!!
Behind You**

Oh, Australia of the ocean,
Bobbing like a cork on water,
Floating, ducking in the daylight,
Never drifting toward New Zealand,
Regal envy of the others,
Lots of woods and lots of outback,
Many bushes in the west part,
Little water in the middle,
Smiley faces of the children,
Chasing cattle through the cities,
Oh, Australia of the ocean,
Nestled in the pouch of freedom,
Nursing from the teats of justice,
Hopping down the paths of
good-time,
We are happy to be on you.
But if one day come invaders,
We will hit their heads with
creekwood
We will shove them in the corncrib,
We will kick them in the marbles,
We will twist their ears with pliers,
We'll put up their noses, insects,
We'll put pellets in their pudding,
We'll grab fistfuls of their stomachs,
We'll drop koalas down their
trousers,
We'll etc., etc.

This was written by Peter D. McCormack, who also wrote "The Four Little Schoolmates" and fell dead in 1916. He wrote it because "Everybody had one but us" . . . which wasn't true.

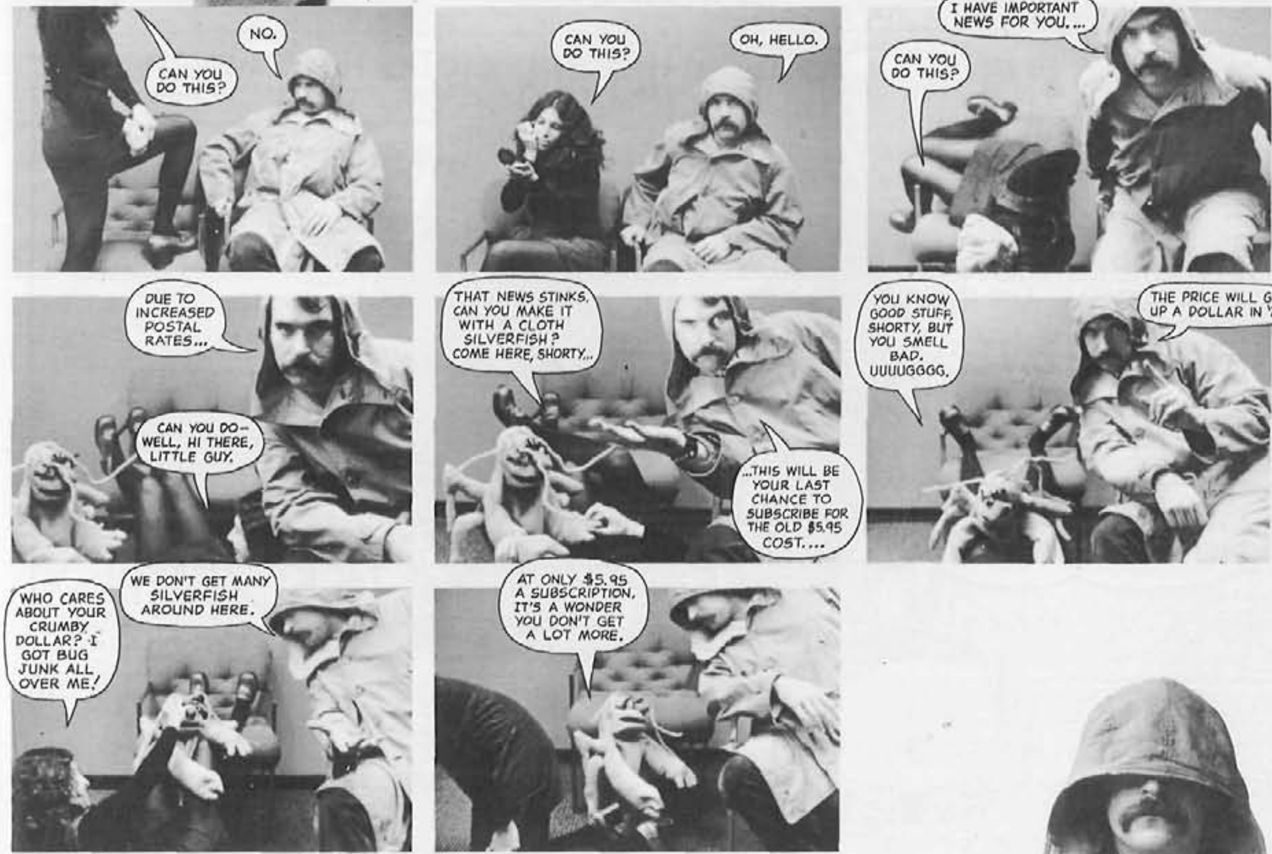
McCormack once told his wife he was going to drive into Sydney to see what's up . . . which he literally did. He hit a person by the name of Sydney something-or-other and had to spend the night in jail. □



"Sorry, friend, that happens to be the mice's heaven."



"Honey, Bathroom Bowl Sure Needs Cleaning."

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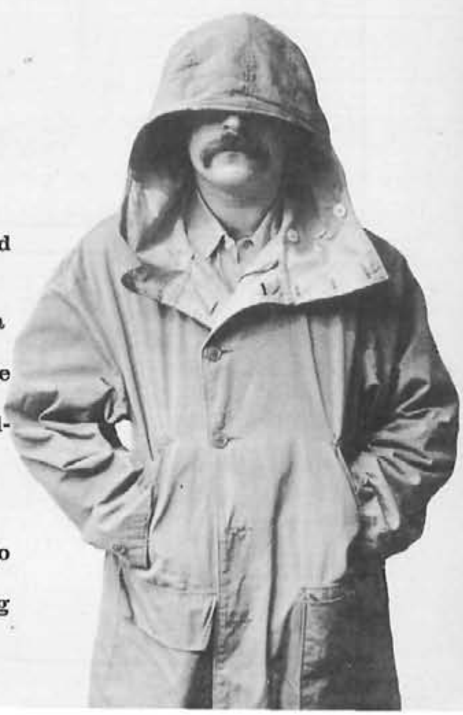
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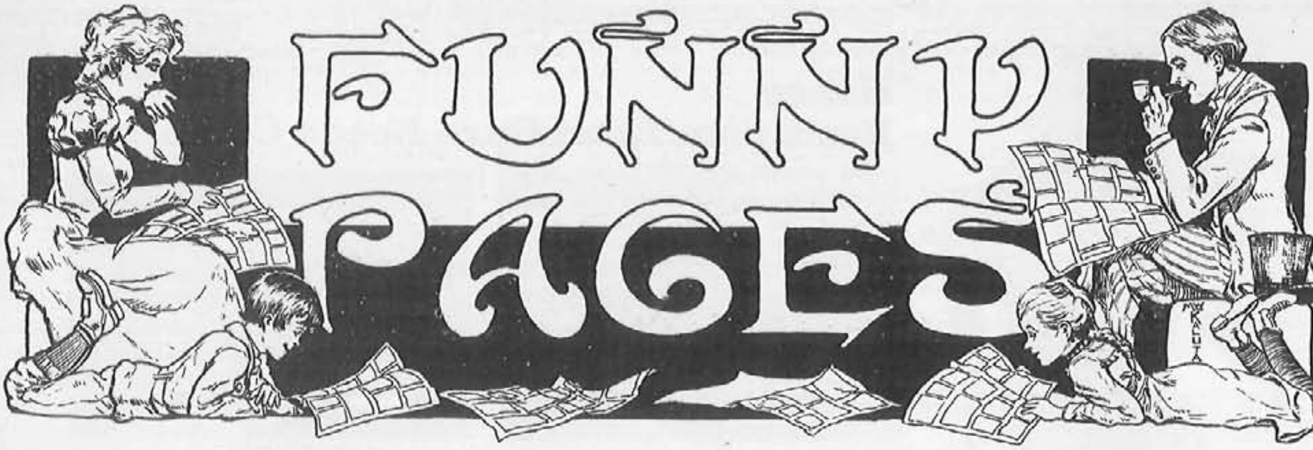
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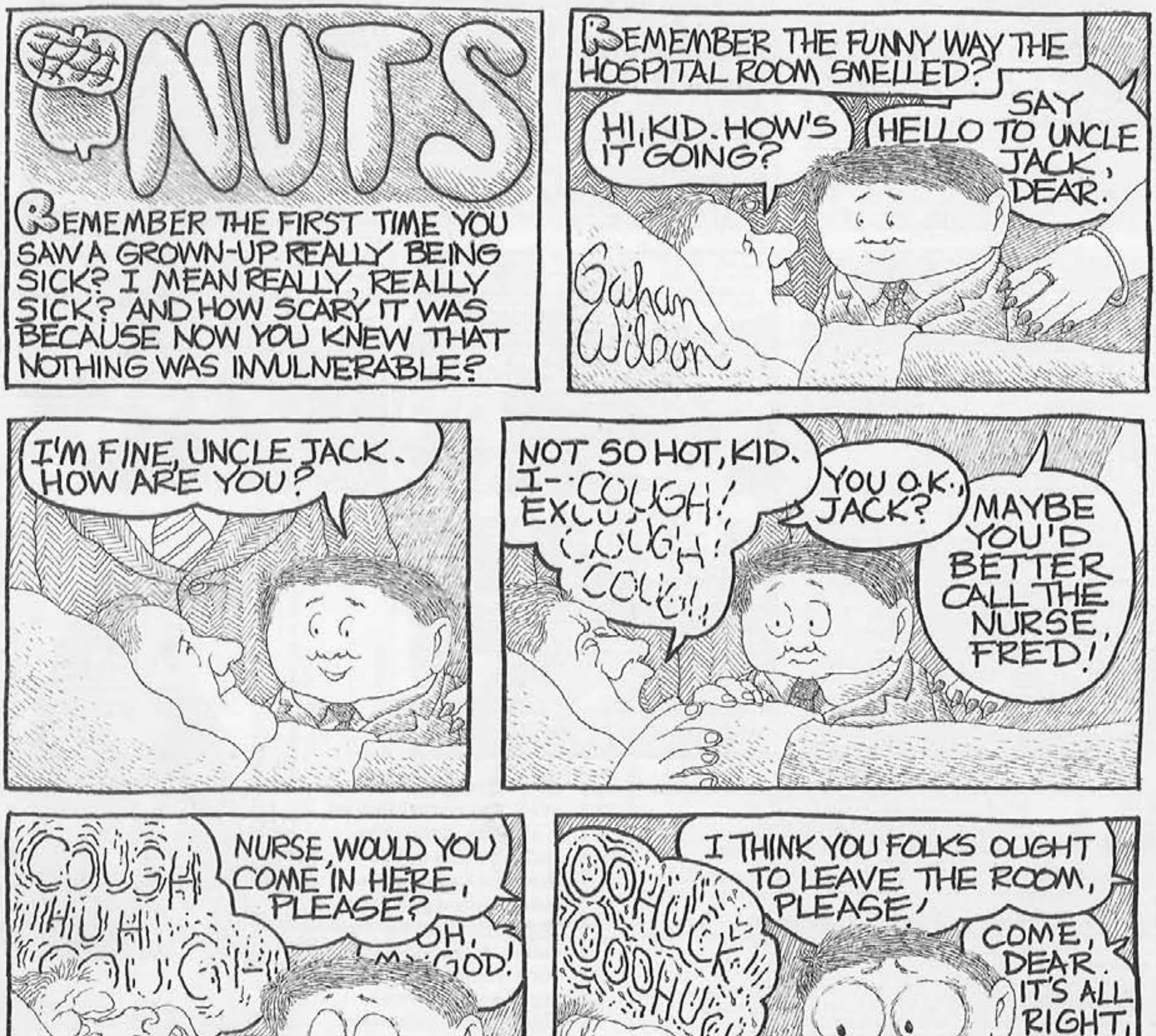
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The horsing around is over. The rest of this ad is serious. Subscribe and save one dollar. Give the Lampoon as a subscription gift for Christmas and save one dollar. Subscribe and don't even bother reading it and save one dollar. Or, if you wish, don't subscribe and save $5.95 now and $6.95 when the rates go up in January. Sorry, we thought the horsing around was over, but apparently it's not.




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NUTS
REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOU SAW A GROWN-UP REALLY BEING SICK? I MEAN REALLY, REALLY SICK? AND HOW SCARY IT WAS BECAUSE NOW YOU KNEW THAT NOTHING WAS INVULNERABLE?
REMEMBER THE FUNNY WAY THE HOSPITAL ROOM SMELLED?
SAY HELLO TO UNCLE JACK, DEAR.
HI, KID. HOW'S IT GOING?
Gahan Wilson
I'M FINE, UNCLE JACK. HOW ARE YOU?
NOT SO HOT, KID. I-COUGH! EXCUSE-COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!
YOU O.K., JACK?
MAYBE YOU'D BETTER CALL THE NURSE, FRED!
COUGH HUH! COUGH
NURSE, WOULD YOU COME IN HERE, PLEASE?
OH, MY GOD!
I THINK YOU FOLKS OUGHT TO LEAVE THE ROOM, PLEASE!
OOHUCK! OOOHUCK!
COME, DEAR. IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR.
NEXT: GETTING READY FOR THE FUNERAL.

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A history of Jethro Tull 1968-1972 in music and pictures



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Christmas Song
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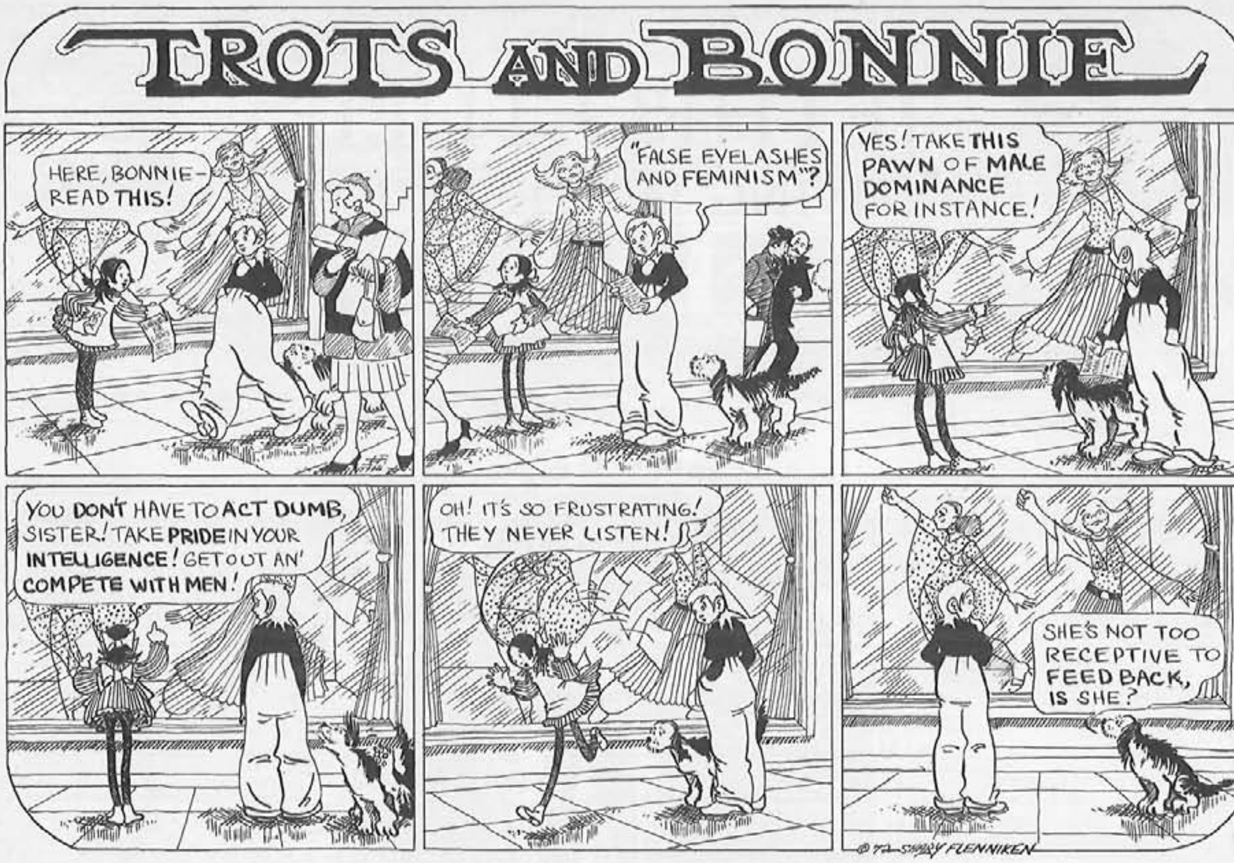
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Dharma for One

Side Four

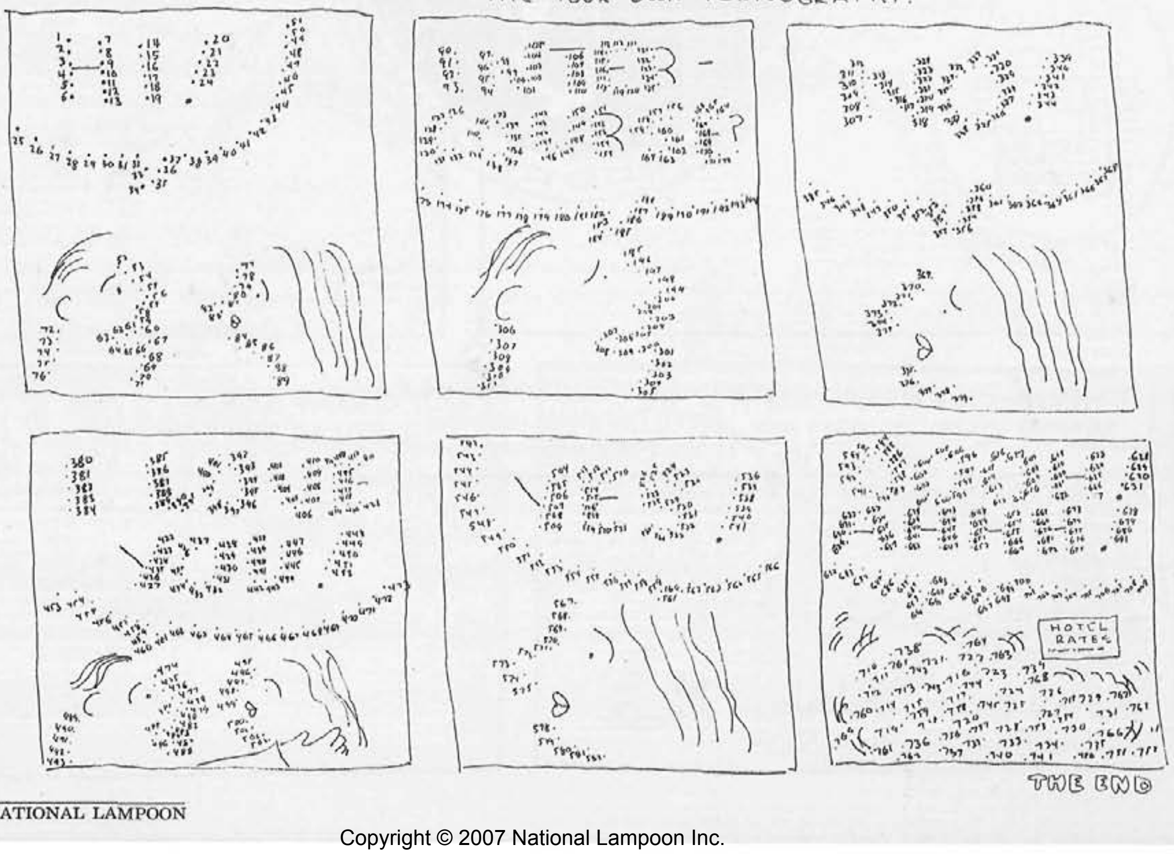
Wond'ring Again
Hymn 43
Life Is a Long Song
Up the 'Pool
Dr. Bogenbroom
From Later
Nursie

On Chrysalis albums and tapes



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CONNECT THE NUMBERS AND CREATE YOUR OWN PORNOGRAPHY!





IDYL
©J·JONES 1972
GOD SURE KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING WHEN HE MADE THIS WORLD.
OOO!
WHA?
A SPIDER. UGH! UGLY.
STOMP
STOMP
STOMP
STOMP
STOMP

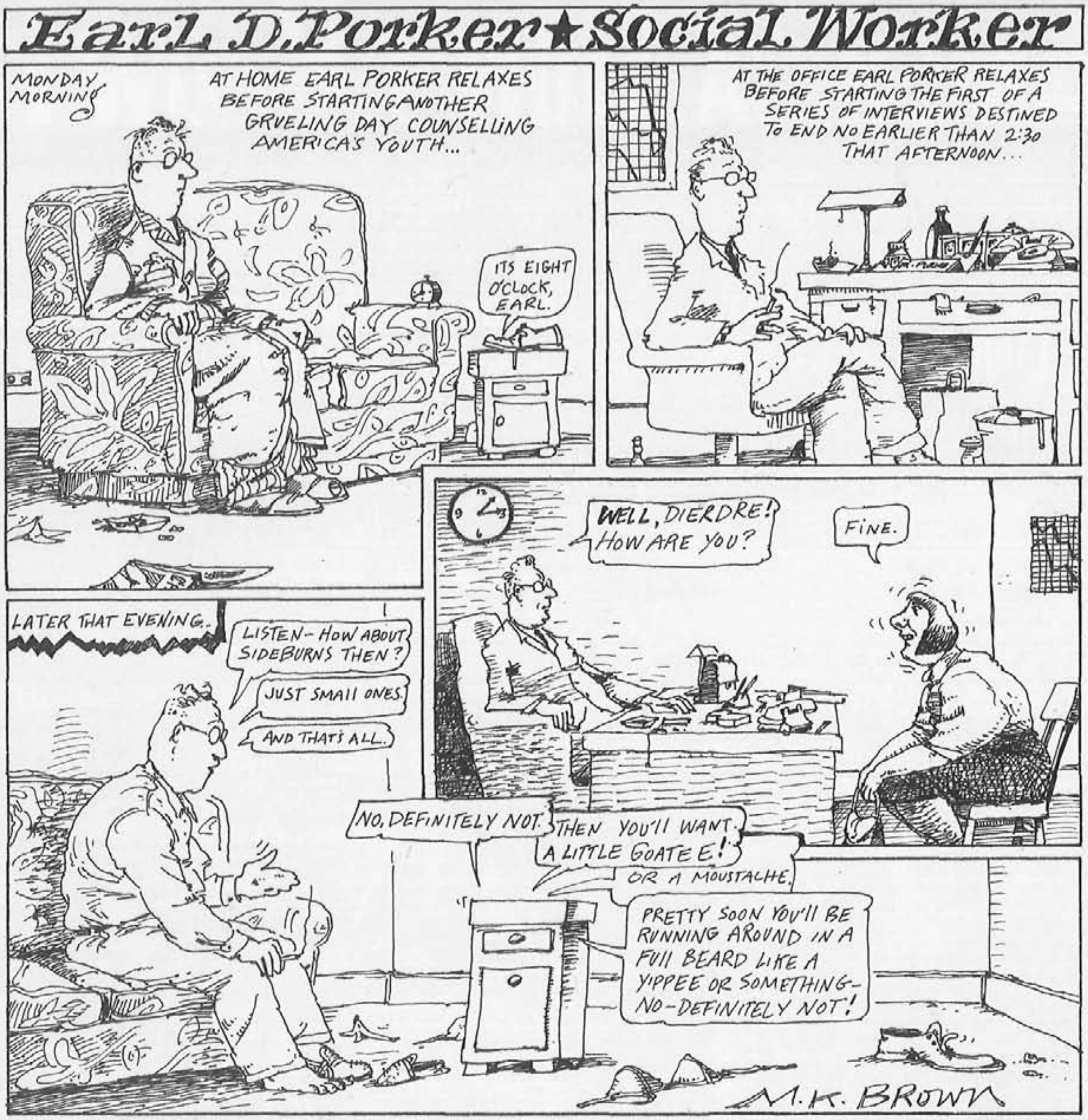
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Let's lay it on the line, folks, 'cause it's our last chance. In these troubled times, our country needs a man who is more than anything else, NOT INSANE. That man is George Papoon. The only candidate who is above all the others. Because his platform is six inches off the ground.

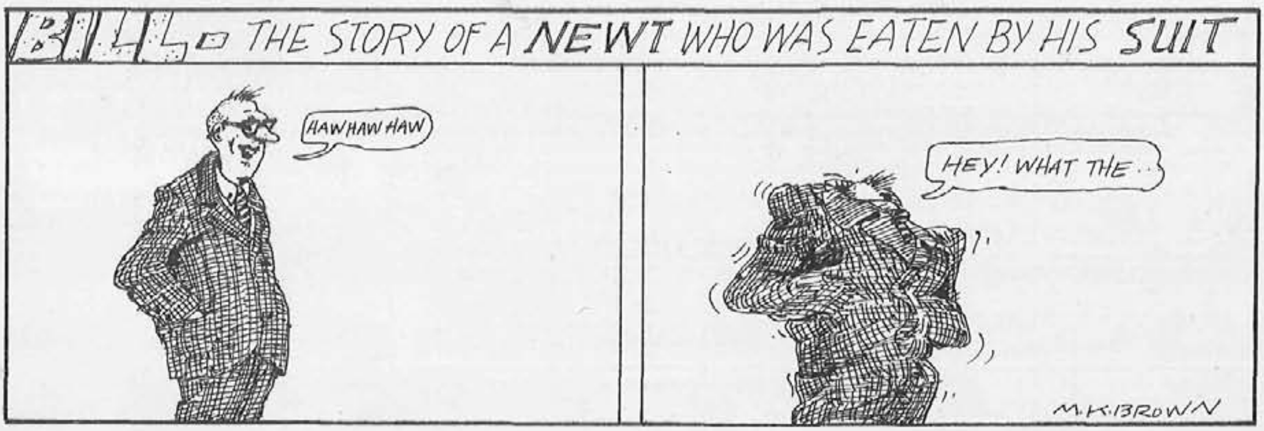
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AT THE OFFICE EARL PORKER RELAXES BEFORE STARTING THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF INTERVIEWS DESTINED TO END NO EARLIER THAN 2:30 THAT AFTERNOON...
WELL, DIERDRE! HOW ARE YOU?
FINE.
LATER THAT EVENING.
LISTEN- HOW ABOUT SIDEBURNS THEN?
JUST SMALL ONES.
AND THAT'S ALL.
NO, DEFINITELY NOT.
THEN YOU'LL WANT A LITTLE GOATEE!
OR A MOUSTACHE.
PRETTY SOON YOU'LL BE RUNNING AROUND IN A FULL BEARD LIKE A YIPPEE OR SOMETHING- NO-DEFINITELY NOT!
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BILL ▫ THE STORY OF A NEWT WHO WAS EATEN BY HIS SUIT
HAWHAWHAW
HEY! WHAT THE..
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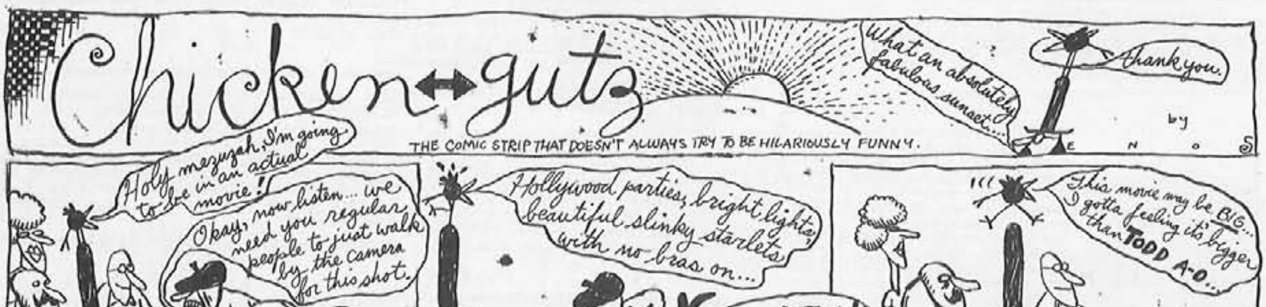
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DIRTY DUCK
CHANUKAH OH CHANUKAH
CRINK CRINK
SPANG!
"WEEVIL", OLD DEAR, I WANT YOU TO WAKE ME UP TOMORROW MORNING SO I CAN OPEN MY PRESENTS! SAVVY?
?
ALRIGHT!! I'LL MAKE SURE YOU WAKE UP—
—AND STAY UP!!
A-HENH!!
CRANGLE
—WHY DID YOU HAVE TO HIT ME LIKE THAT MR. "DUCK"?!!!?
LONDON ©1972



Chicken↔gutz
THE COMIC STRIP THAT DOESN'T ALWAYS TRY TO BE HILARIOUSLY FUNNY.
What an absolutely fabulous sunset...
thank you.
by E N O S
Holy mezuzah, I'm going to be in an actual movie!
Okay, now listen... we need you regular people to just walk by the camera for this shot.
Hollywood parties, bright lights, beautiful slinky starlets with no bras on...
camera... ACTION!!
This movie may be BIG... I gotta feeling it's bigger than TODD A-O...
!!
BOSS... that schlump in the bird hat looked right into the Camera!
listen, Mac... this movie's costing a thousand bucks a minute... don't look in the Camera, OKAY?
RIGHTO... I'm sorry about that!
bigger than 70 MILLIMETER, bigger than SUPER-SCOPE PANAVISION...
They may have to wait for a dark night and project it on the sky!!
BOSS, the ding-dong did it again!
It was just a little peek!
ACTION!!
AND SO...
You... OUT... OUT... OUT... OUT!
I might even get to meet my favorite movie star, DEANNA DURBIN!!
I thought the BIRD wuz kinda cute....
Anybody got a mint?
probably one of those phonographic films anyway...
FINIS.

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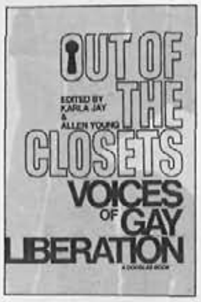
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By John Sinclair

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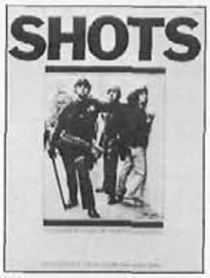
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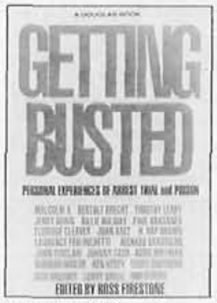
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At Work in the Business of Film
Edited by Fred Baker with Ross Firestone

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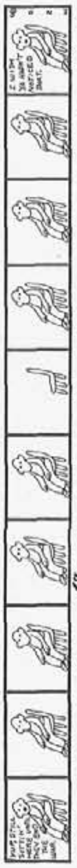
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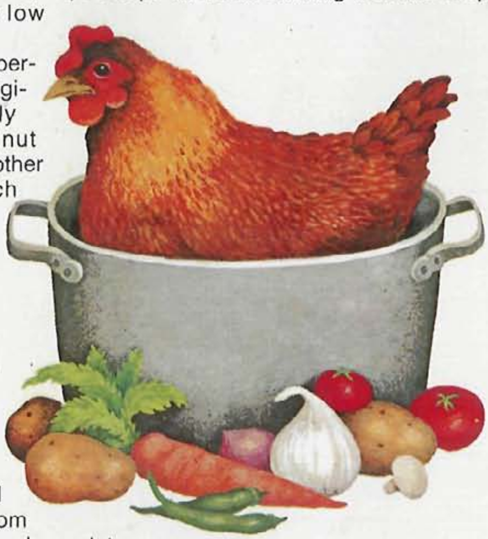
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Not only are these new Superscope components brilliantly engineered, but they're beautifully styled with handsome walnut cabinets (an option with most other brands). Most important, each Superscope stereo amplifier, tuner and receiver carries a *three-year guarantee on parts and labor.* Is the high degree of reliability and quality at so modest a price an impossible dream? Not at all. It's an absolute reality at your Superscope dealer.

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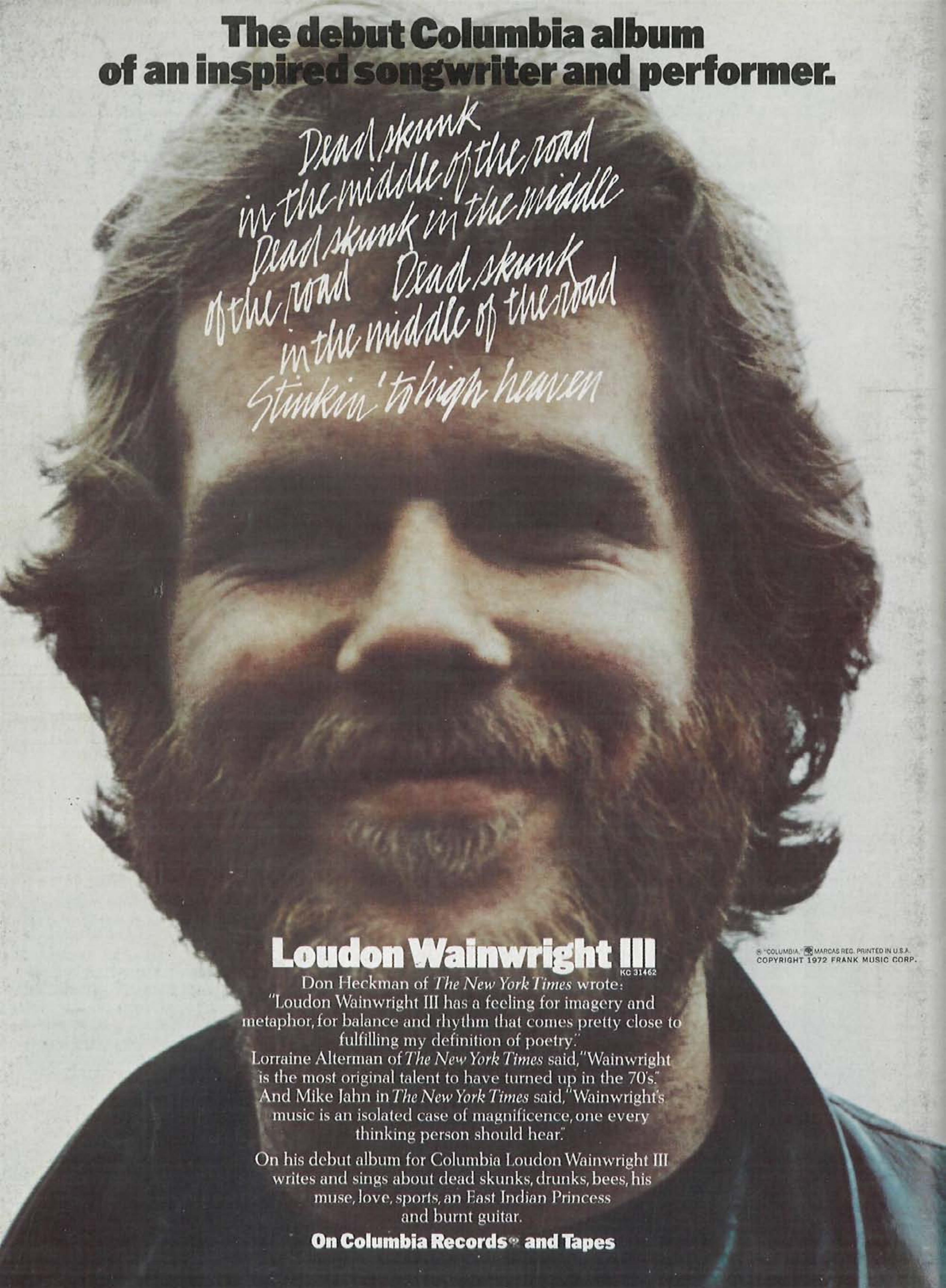
Superscope, Inc. guarantees the original registered owner that all parts are free from operating defects for three years from purchase date. Products are repaired or replaced free of charge subject to the following: if purchased in U.S.A. from authorized dealer; if registration card transmitted within ten days of purchase; if serial number not altered/removed; if connected/operated subject to instructions; if not repaired by unauthorized parties; if not altered/repaired so as to affect stability/reliability; if shipped with shipping charges fully prepaid; in original package from within U.S.A. Return shipment to points in U.S.A. is prepaid if foregoing met. Owner has responsibility to proving date of purchase at time service sought.



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